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26-24

The Paintings of
Ivan Albright

Sheriff Babb in
Pursuit of the
County Crap Game

25 CENTS

ben Zuckerman

shapes soft worsted into

a boxy jacket suit with its own

polka dot blouse. 175.00

Stanley Korshak

912 north michigan avenue · chicago

VOLUME 1 • NUMBER 2

April 1954

Chicago

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COVER

Elsa Kula, graduate of Pratt Institute and former teacher at the Institute of Design, consistently wins awards for her imaginative design in the graphic arts. As the main element in this month's cover Miss Kula used a detail from the self-portrait of Ivan Albright in the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Earle Ludgin.

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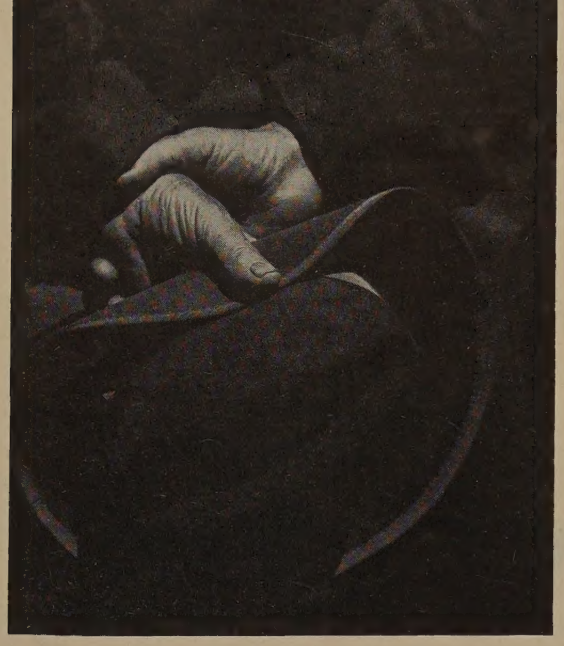
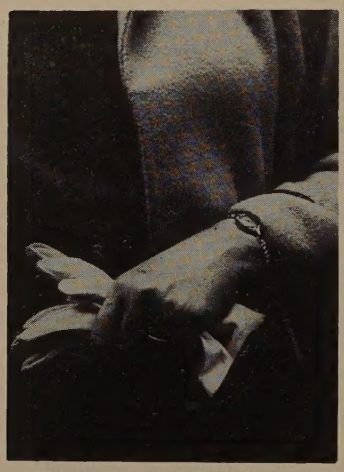


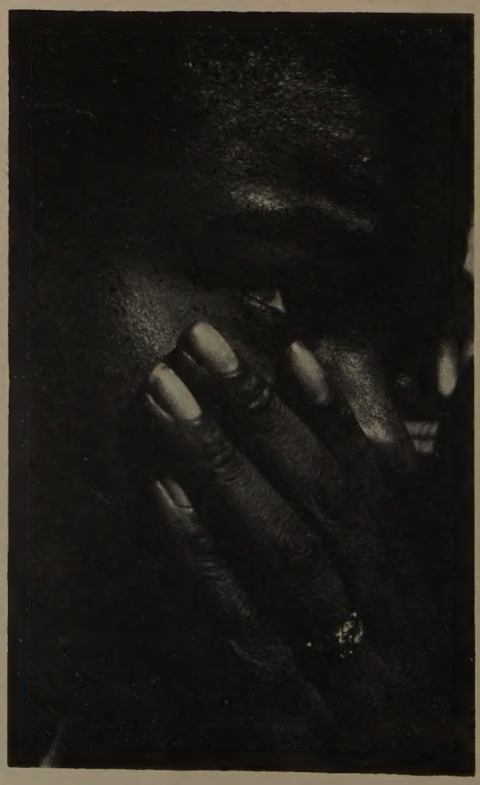
Street Corner Tales, Told by Hand



The traffic light at State and Adams turns red: the people on the sidewalk mill to a stop. Suddenly these several strangers are members of a group with a common condition — the necessity to stay on that corner, and a common purpose — the urge to get ahead.

It lasts less than half a minute.

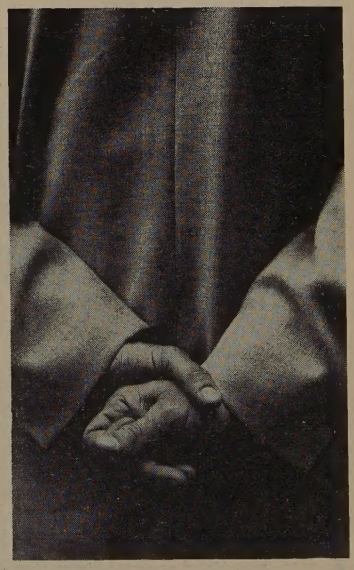
A candid camera, focused on their hands, freezes that unique half-minute of time. And the hands tell tales.



PHOTOGRAPHS

BY

LEN GITTLEMAN



WHAT GOES ON HERE

THEATER

in the loop at press time

The Seven Year Itch, Erlanger Theater, 127 n. Clark st. (ST 2-2459). George Axelrod's light comedy about a husband who plays while his wife is away. Eddie Bracken, Lydia Clarke, and Louise King. Nightly at 8:30; mat. Sat. at 2:30.

Good Night Ladies, Great Northern Theater, 26 w. Jackson (CE 6-8240). A rowdy show. Nightly at 8:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3 p.m.

Me and Juliet, Shubert Theater, 22 w. Monroe st. (CE 6-8240). The Rodgers and Hammerstein version of backstage life. Opening April 7.

Time Out for Ginger, Harris Theater, 170 n. Dearborn st. (CE 6-8240). A pleasant bit of fluff that mixes Melvyn Douglas, some high spirited juveniles and a football with fairly riotous results. Nightly except Sun, at 8:30, early curtain Tues. 7:30 p.m. Mat. Wed. at 2.

The World of Sholom Aleichem, Eleventh St. Theater, 62 e. 11th st. (HA 7-5570). Uncommonly good. With Jacob Ben-Ami, Anne Revere. Thru Apr. 11.

This Is Cinerama, Eitel's Palace Theater, 159 w. Randolph st. (AN 3-0055). An exhilarating experience with a new dimension in film. Nightly Sun. thru Thurs. 8:30; Fri. 7 and 10 p.m.; Sat. 7:30 and 10:30 p.m. Mat. Mon. thru Thurs. 2:30; Fri. 1 p.m.; Sat. 2:30 p.m. Sun. 2 and 5 p.m.

little, school or otherwise

Eighth Street Theater, 741 s. Wabash av. (HA 7-6834). Nat'l Barn Dance Show every Saturday night at 7:30 and 10.

Goodman Theater, Monroe st. and Columbus dr. (CE 6-2337). "The Lady's Not For Burning" by Christopher Fry. Apr. 16 thru May, no perf. Apr. 18, 19 and 26. Nightly at 8:30, except Tues. night at 7:30. Mat. Apr. 29, 2:30.

Lake Front Players, Suite 1230, Kimball Hall, 306 s. Wabash av. (WA 2-0317). "Separate Rooms," a comedy. April 29 and 30, 7:30 p.m.

Chicago Stage Guild, 640 n. State st. (WH 4-8050 evenings). "Shadow and Substance" by Paul Vincent Carroll. Apr. 14-17, 23 and 24. Nightly at 8:30, except Thurs. night at 7:30.

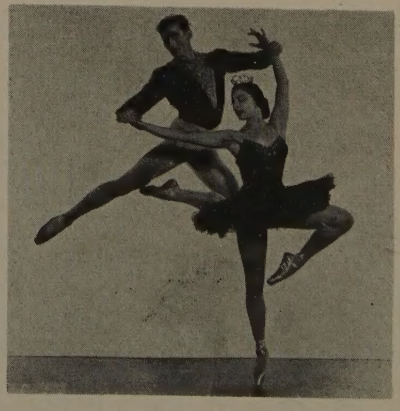
Northwestern University Theater, Speech Bldg., Evanston campus (UN 4-1907). "Six Characters in Search of an Author" by Pirandello. April 20 thru 24, 8:30 p.m.

Playwrights Theater Club, 1560 n. La Salle st. (WH 3-2272). "Miss Julia" by Strindberg. Wed. thru Sun. 8:30 p.m.

Pier Playhouse, Univ. of Ill. 3rd. fl. Lounge, Navy Pier (WH 4-3800). "The Miser" by Moliere. Apr. 2 and 3, 8:30 p.m.

Showcase Theater, Inc., 1716 Central st., Evanston (DA 8-7440). "The Man Born To Be King," a Passion play by Dorothy Sayers. Nightly at 8:30; Sun. at 7:30; mat. Wed. 2:30.

Starcradle Theater Guild, 2348½ n. Clark st. (LI 9-4799). "Nila," by Chicago playwright Irenne Webster. Apr. 29 thru May 2, 8:30 p.m.



DANCE

Ballet Theater, Opera House, 20 n. Wacker dr. (FI 6-0270). Principal dancers Igor Youskevitch, Alicia Alonso, John Kriza and Melissa Hayden. Apr. 17 thru 25, nightly at 8:30. Mats. Apr. 18, 24, 25 at 2:30.

OF SPECIAL INTEREST

Annual Easter and Spring Flower Show, Chicago Park District (HA 7-5252). Garfield Park Conservatory, 300 n. Central Park. Lincoln Park Conservatory, 2400 n. in Lincoln Park. Apr. 11 thru 24. Daily 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. Free.

Internat'l Kennel Club Dog Show, Internat'l Amphitheater, 42nd and Halsted sts. (YA 7-5580). Apr. 3 and 4, 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.

Modern Living Exposition, Navy Pier (FR 2-9740). Sponsored by Chicago Metropolitan Home Builders Assn.: exhibits of home building, furnishing and equipment. Apr. 3 thru 11. Weekdays 2 to 11 p.m. Sat. and Sun. 1 to 11 p.m.

"Father, Forgive Them," Opera House, 20 n. Wacker dr. (FI 6-0270). Musical version of the "Passion Play," produced by the Scalabrini Fathers. An inspiring spectacle with ballet, chorus, the Chicago Opera Orchestra, soloists and actors. Apr. 2-4 8:30 p.m.

MUSIC

Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Orchestra Hall, 220 s. Michigan av. (HA 7-0363). Every Thursday 8:15 p.m., every Friday 2, also Tues., Apr. 13, at 2; Sat. Apr. 10 8:15 p.m. Fritz Reiner conducting. Gluck, overture to "Iphigenie en Aulide;" Weiner, "Toldi," symphonic suite; Beethoven, Symphony No. 5, Apr. 1 and 2. Moussorgsky, prelude to "Khovanstchina;" Debussy, "La Mer" ("The Sea"); Blacher, orchestra variations on a theme of Paganini; Mozart, Symphony, C Major ("Jupiter"), Apr. 8 and 9. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, overture, "Ruy Blas;" Mozart, Symphony, C Major; Sibelius, Alla Marcia from "Karelia" suite, legend from the "Kalevala," "The Swan of Tuonela;" Hindemith, Concerto for Woodwinds, Harp and Orchestra; Berlioz, selections from "The Damnation of Faust," Apr. 10. Violinist Zino Francescatti, soloist: Mozart, Symphony, C Major; Debussy, "La Mer"; Tchaikovsky, Concerto for Voilin, D Major, Opus 35; Apr. 13. Pianist Artur Rubinstein, soloist: Han-

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del, Overture, D Major; Brahms, Concerto for Piano, No. 1; Wagner, Overture to "Rienzi," Good Friday Spell from "Parsifal," Ride of the Valkyries from "Die Walkure;" Apr. 15 and 16. Special concert Apr. 24.

Harvard Glee Club, Orchesta Hall, 220 s. Michigan av. (HA 7-0362). Apr. 9, 8:15 p.m.

Nathan Milstein, violinist, Orchestra Hall, 220 s. Michigan av. (HA 7-0362). Apr. 3, 8:15 p.m.

Elena Nikolaid, contralto, Orchestra Hall, 220 s. Michigan av. (HA 7-0362). Apr. 4, 3:30 p.m.

Liala Padurr, flutist, Kimball Hall, 306 s. Michigan av. (HA 7-4010). Apr. 4, 4 p.m.

Bidu Sayao and members of Chicago Symphony Orch. Orchestra Hall, 220 s. Michigan av. (HA 7-0362). Apr. 29, 8:15 p.m.

William Warfield, baritone, Orchestra Hall, 220 s. Michigan av. (HA 7-0362). Apr. 11, 3:30 p.m.

St. Philips High School Band, Orchestra Hall, 220 s. Michigan av. (HA 7-0362). Apr. 26, 8:15 p.m.

Business Men's Orch. Orchestra Hall, 220 s. Michigan av. (HA 7-0362). Apr. 30, 8:15 p.m.

"Second Little Revue" Musicale, Suzanne France, Kimball Hall, 306 s. Wabash av. (HA 7-4010). Apr. 25, 4 p.m.

Northwestern University, Evanston (UN 4-1900). Univ. chamber orchestra, Anthony Donato conducting, Lutkin Hall, University pl. at Orrington av., Apr. 20, 8:15 p.m. Free. Faculty recital, contralto Elizabeth Wysor, Lutkin Hall, Apr. 27, 8:15 p.m. Free.

University of Chicago, (MI 3-0800). Walden String Quartet, Mandell Hall, 57th st. and University av., Apr. 9, 8:30 p.m. Univ. of Chicago Choir, accompanied by members of Chicago Symphony Orch.: Bach, "The Passion According to St. John," Rockefeller Memorial Chapel, 59th st. at Woodlawn, av., Apr. 11, 3 p.m. New Art Wind Quintet, Mandel Hall, Apr. 23, 8:30 p.m.

Chicago Sunday Evening Club Choir, Orchestra Hall, 220 s. Michigan av. (HA 7-4483). Annual Easter concert, Apr. 18, 8 p.m. Free.

Society of American Musicians, Kimball Hall, 306 s. Wabash av. (HA 7-4010). Primary, junior, senior piano final contest, Apr. 2, 6:30 p.m. Senior, young artist voice and piano final auditions, Apr. 3, 6 p.m.

ART EXHIBITS

Art Institute of Chicago, Michigan av. at Adams st. (CE 6-7080). Japanese Screens from the Institute's collection, Gallery H9, thru Apr. 11. Designer-Craftsmen U.S.A., 1953, e. Wing Galleries, thru Apr. 26. Cecil Beaton, Britain's sophisticated photographer, Gallery 5B, thru May 1. Continuing exhibits: miniature relief sculptures in wax from the collection of Mrs. Alfred E. Hamill, Gallery A6; Americana: furniture, textiles and misc., Gallery A1-5; Chinese export porcelain from the Helena Woolworth McCann collection, Gallery G15; Both Sides of American Art, Gallery of Art Interpretation; Thorne Miniature Rooms, Gallery A12; Treasures of Ancient Peruvian Art, Galleries L4-L4A; American Folk Art — children's furniture and toys, Gallery G8. Daily 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., Sun. noon to 5 p.m. Free Wed., Sat., Sun. and holidays.

Chicago Public Library, Art Dept., Michigan av. between Randolph and Washington sts. (CE 6-5821). Weaving by Marli Ehrmann; jewelry and ceramics by Lou Tanner. Weekdays 9 a.m. to 9 p.m., Sat. 9 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. Free.

Inst. of Design, Ill. Inst. of Tech., 632 n. Dearborn st. (DE 7-4688). Photographs: the buildings of Louis Sullivan. Mar. 20 to Apr. 20.

Lakeside Press Galleries, R. R. Donnelley & Sons co. 8th fl., 350 e. 22nd st. (CA 5-2121). Donnelley advertising to 1954. Weekdays 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. Free.

Society of Typographic Arts, Art Institute, Michigan av. at Adams st. (CE 6-7080). 27th annual Design in Chicago Printing Show, thru May 2. Daily 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., Sun. noon to 5 p.m. Free Wed., Sat., Sun. and holidays.

All Illinois Society. Conrad Hilton, 720 s. Michigan av. (HA 7-4300). Paintings by members: oils and water colors. Opens Apr. 11.

Artists Equity Ass'n., 1020 Lake Shore dr. (SU 7-2959). Group show.

Arts Club of Chicago, 109 e. Ontario st. (SU 7-3997). Professional members' exhibits. Apr. 4-30.

Chicago Galleries Assn., 30 s. Michigan av. (CE 6-9646). Frank V. Dudley, duneland paintings, thru the middle of April; Charles Vickery, marine paintings, Apr. 13; Gaspar Ruffolo, portraits and still life.

Allan Frumkin Gallery, 152 e. Superior st. (SU 7-0564). Early April: heroic paintings by Mata, Carone, Burri.

Kerrigan-Hendricks Gallery, 106 e. Oak st. (WH 3-1092). April: oils by James I. Gilbert.

Leonard Linn Exhibition Galleries, 821 Chestnut ct., Winnetka (WI 6-3736).

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Fred Waller walked around for days with a flap hanging down in front of his eyes, to test his side-vision. Later he wore an eyepatch on one eye, to find out how much stereo vision depends on the imagination and how much of it depends on having two eyes. The outcome of these experiments, which were part of 15 years of research, was a curved-screen technique for the movies: Cinerama.

Waller is a full-time inventor whose name is registered in the Patent Office with such diverse items as a remote recording wind indicator and a machine that measures a man for a suit of clothes in a fiftieth of a second. Cinerama was the offspring of Waller's gunnery trainer, used during World War II.

This Is Cinerama, which is past its 500th performance (more than **South Pacific**) — at Eitel's Palace, 159 west Randolph street, is the first film using Waller's technique. The series of spectacles (seen without spectacles) in the film ranges from La Scala Opera to outboard motorboats jumping fire barriers.

Steve Burr, stabiles and mobiles; weaving by Madge Friedman.

Mandel Bros. Galleries, 1 n. State st. (ST 2-1500). The Seven, (Fred Berger, David T. Corson, Martin Hurtig, Ray Martin, Martha Nicoloff, Hugh Peterson, Don Stoltenberg), oils and water colors.

Merchandise Mart, (WH 4-4141). Continuation of Good Design Exhibition lent by Museum of Modern Art.

Elizabeth Nelson Galleries, 109 e. Oak st. (SU 7-6994). Rainey Bennett, new oils and water colors.

Frank J. Oehlschlaeger, 107 e. Oak st. (SU 7-6779). Drawings by John Corbino, gauches and temperas.

Evanston Art Center, 800 Greenwood av., Evanston (GR 5-5310) Members' show Apr. 15. Collection of contemporary paintings from Abbott Laboratories, Apr. 18.

Hull House, Benedict Art Gallery, 800 s. Halsted st. (MO 6-6005). Paintings and ceramics by Duerk Malone; ceramics by Ronald Lundberg.

Kimball Hall, 306 s. Wabash av. (WE 9-6450). Charles J. Sahs School, Stickney. Children's work, from kindergarten to eighth grade: from water colors to marionettes.

Bramson's Art Gallery, 1711 Sherman av., Evanston (GR 5-0001). American Jr. Red Cross Internat'l Exhibit. To tour Europe soon. Thru Apr.

North Shore Art League, Winnetka Community House, 620 Lincoln av., Winnetka (WI 6-0538). Continuation of invitational members' show thru April 13; invitational Chicago artists' show begins April 25.

LECTURES

Chicago Technical Societies Council, Museum of Science and Industry, 57th and South Shore dr. (MU 4-1414). "How Does the Engineer Approach a Project and Its Problems?," Alvin J. Blake. Apr. 4, 3 p.m.

Loyola University, (WH 4-0800). "Brownson on the Republic," Dr. Joseph F. Menez, asst. prof. Political Sci., room 123, Cudahy bldg., 6525 Sheridan rd., Apr. 7, 4:15 p.m. "Joyce and 'Ulysses'," Dr. Patrick J. Casey, asst. prof. English, assembly hall, School of Law bldg., 41 e. Pearson st., Apr. 14, 4:30 p.m. "Contemporary Christian Approaches to Politics," Rev. Paul A. Woelfl, S. J. chrm. Political Sci. dept., room 123, Cudahy bldg., Apr. 28, 4:15 p.m. All lectures free.

Northwestern University, Evanston (UN 4-1900). Shaffer Lectures, Dean Liston Pope of Yale University, auditorium, Technological Institute, Apr. 28 and 29, 8 p.m.

Roosevelt College, room 510, 430 s. Michigan av. (WA 2-3580). Philosophy of Spinoza series, Dr. Siegfried Marck, prof. philosophy, formerly University of Breslau. "Spinoza and the Judaeo-Christian Tradition," Apr. 6. "Spinoza as a Representative of Neo-Stoicism," Apr 20. "Spinoza's Political Philosophy," Apr. 27. "Spinoza, Naturalist or Mystic?" May 3. All lectures, 6:20 to 8:50 p.m.

Charles R. Walgreen Foundation, University of Chicago (MI 3-0800). Series 1: The Cultural Relations Program of the United States, George N. Shuster, president, Hunter College; room 126, Charles Hubbard Judd Hall, 5835 Kimbark av. "Informal Diplomacy and Cultural Relations," Apr. 5; "The Origins of the Cultural Relations Program," Apr. 7; "Wartime Information and Cultural Relations," Apr. 9; "Occupation and Education," Apr. 12; "Internat'l Cultural Co-operation," Apr. 14; "Our Cultural Relations Program —a resume," Apr. 16. Series 2: Foundations of Democracy, Hans Kelsen, prof. Internat'l Law, Naval War College; room 122, Social Science Research bldg., 1126 e. 59th st. "Democracy and Philosophy," part I, Apr. 19, part II, Apr. 21; "Democracy and Religion," part I, Apr. 23, part II, Apr. 26; "Democracy and Economics," part I, Apr. 28, part II, Apr. 30. All lectures begin 4:30 p.m. Free.

Natural History Museum, Roosevelt rd. and Lake Shore dr. (WA 2-9410). "Nature's 'March of Time'" by Paul G. Dallwig; dramatized lecture for adults, Apr. 2, 11, 25, 2 p.m. Free.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

with attention to April features

Adler Planetarium and Astronomical Museum, Roosevelt rd. at the lake front (WA 2-1428). April show: "The Story of the Planets." Daily 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., Tues. and Fri. 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. Shows Mon. thru Sat., 11 a.m. and 3 p.m.; Tues. and Fri., 8 p.m.; Sun. 2 and 3:30 p.m. Free Wed., Sat., and Sun.

Chicago Academy of Sciences, Clark st. and Ogden av. (LI 9-0606). Natural history exhibits pertaining to the area. Daily 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Free.

Art Institute of Chicago, Michigan av. and Adams st. (CE 6-7080). Free half-hours in the galleries with Georgia Craven lecturing: Designer Craftsmen U.S.A., 1953, e. wing galleries, Apr. 7; Mid-West Designers, e. wing galleries, Apr. 14; 18th Century French Painting, gallery 27, Apr. 21; 19th Century French Painting, gallery 28, Apr. 28. All lectures, 12:30 to 1 p.m. Free films on art: "Henry Moore," "Le Monde De Paul Delvaux," "Birth of an Idol" (stages of a portrait by Reynold Arnould); "Works of Calder." Films shown in Fullerton Hall, Apr. 3, 3:30 p.m. Children under 16 not admitted. See also listings under Art Exhibits.

Chicago Historical Society, Clark st. and North av. (MI 2-4600). Current exhibit: colored lithographs of late-19th century American yachts by Frederick Schiller Cozzins, 1856-1928.

Permanent exhibits at the museum that relate to historical events in April: table on which surrender papers were

signed at Appomattox, Apr. 9, 1865; bed in which Lincoln died on Apr. 15, 1865 and other furniture from the Petersen Lodging House where he was taken after being shot in Ford Theater on the evening of the 14th; replica of the Boston home of Paul Revere with replica of the lantern hung in the Old North Church tower the night of his ride, Apr. 18, 1775; papers of transfer from France to U.S. in the Louisiana Purchase, Apr. 30, 1803. Weekdays 9:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m.; Sun. 12:30 to 5:30 p.m. Free on weekdays.

Chicago Natural History Museum, Roosevelt rd. and Lake Shore dr. (WA 2-9410). Anthropology, botany, geology, zoology exhibits. Illustrated lectures for adults: "Italian Interlude," Dr. J. Gerald Hooper, Apr. 3; "Once Upon an Island," Robert C. Hermes, Apr. 10; "Turkey," Karl Robinson, Apr. 17; "Wildlife of Wisconsin," Cleveland P. Grant, Apr. 24. Lectures begin 2:30 p.m. Daily 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Free Thurs., Sat., Sun.

Chicago Public Library, Michigan av. between Randolph and Washington sts. (CE 6-5821). Randolph st. corridor: travel posters and travel books. Lectures every Thurs. 12:15 to 12:45 p.m. Films every Fri. 12:15 to 1 p.m., Apr. subject: travel in U. S. and foreign countries. Recorded music concerts, every Wed. 12:15 to 12:45 p.m. Live concerts every Sat. 12:15 to 12:45 p.m. Weekdays 9 a.m. to 9 p.m., Sat. 9 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. Free.

George F. Harding Museum, 4853 Lake Park av. (KE 6-0008). Permanent exhibits of medieval armor and arms, ancient firearms, medieval and contemporary art. Daily 1 to 5 p.m., except Mon. and Sat. Free.

Library of International Relations, 351 e. Ohio st. (SU 7-7928). Documentary film-lecture series, "Asia in the Modern World." Apr. 14, 21 and 28, 8:15 p.m., resrv. necessary. Reference room open weekdays 9 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.

Museum of Science and Industry, 57th st. and South Shore dr. (MU 4-1414). Hundreds of fascinating exhibits showing the relation of science and industry. Exhibit for Easter: live baby chicks in colors hatching in an incubator, weekends of Apr. 11th and 18th. Weekdays 9:30 a.m. to 4 p.m., Sat. to 5:30 p.m., Sun. to 7 p.m. Free, except coal mine, Nickelodeon and Microworld Theater.

Oriental Institute, Univ. of Chicago, 1155 e. 58th st. (MI 3-0800). Cultural objects from ancient Egypt, Mesopotamia, Persia, Palestine and other ancient countries of the Near East. Weekdays 1 to 5 p.m., except Mon., 10 a.m. to noon, Sun. to 5 p.m. Free.

Shedd Aquarium, Roosevelt rd. at the lake front (WE 9-4861). 10,000 specimens of live fish. Daily 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Free Thurs., Sat., Sun.

SPORTS

basketball

Annual World Series, Basketball, Chicago Stadium, 1800 w. Madison st. (SE 3-5300). Harlem Globe Trotters vs. 1954 College All Americans. Apr. 4, 3 p.m.

20th Annual BBYO-CYO All Star Basketball Game, Internat'l Amphitheater, 42nd and Halsted sts. (YA 7-5580). Apr. 6, 8 p.m.

pro baseball

Cubs, Wrigley Field, Clark and Addison sts. (BU 1-5050). Vs. Chicago White Sox (city series), Apr. 11; Cincinnati, Apr. 15; St. Louis, Apr. 17, 18 (doubleheader); Milwaukee, Apr. 20; Philadelphia, Apr. 27, 28 (ladies' day); New York, Apr. 30. Game time 1:30 p.m.

White Sox, Comiskey Park, w. 35th and s. Shields sts. (WA 4-1000). Vs. Chicago Cubs (city series), Apr. 10; Cleveland, Apr. 13, 14; Baltimore, Apr. 23, 24, 25 (doubleheader). Game time 1:30 p.m.

pro boxing

Middleweight Championship of the World, Bobo Olson vs. Kid Gavalan, Chicago Stadium, 1800 w. Madison st. (SE 3-5300). Apr. 2, 8:30 p.m.

pro wrestling

Pro Wrestling Exhibition, Internat'l Amphitheater, 42nd and Halsted sts. (YA 7-5580). Apr. 9, 8:30 p.m.

Marigold Gardens, 817 w. Grace st. (WE 5-2218). Wrestling every Sat. night, 8:30.

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Italy, always first when it comes to new excitement in fabric, sends us another dramatic innovation. This time it's a divine wide-wale pique, quite unlike anything you've seen before, punctuated with its own raised woven black stripe. Bramson has translated this exciting import into a go-everywhere skirt; a full swirling circle completely lined in smooth PELON, to hold its shape forever, and save your stockings, too. Honestly, you'd expect to pay dollars more... 17.95

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Please send me_____(quantity) "Sorrento" skirts.

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Enclosed is my check or money order. No C. O. D.'s please.

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CHICAGO EVANSTON OAK PARK EVERGREEN GARY JOLIET ALTON

Rainbo Arena, 436 n. Clark st. (SU 4-6100). Wrestling Wed. nights, 8:30.

indoor ice skating
Chicago Arena, e. Erie and McClurg sts. (MI 2-1000). Thru Apr. 25, 2:30 and 8:15 p.m.

horse racing
Sportsman's Park, 3301 s. Laramie, Cicero (BI 2-1121).

harness racing
Maywood Park, 8600 w. on North av. (ST 2-0555).

collegiate baseball
Northwestern University, Dyche Field, Ashland and Central sts., Evanston (UN 4-1900). Vs. Navy Pier, Apr. 15; Glenview NAS, Apr. 19; Lake Forest, Apr. 20; Michigan State, Apr. 23; Michigan, Apr. 24 (doubleheader). Game time weekdays 3 p.m.; Sat. 1:30 p.m.

collegiate tennis
Northwestern University, Sheridan rd. courts, Evanston (UN 4-1900). Vs. Michigan State, Apr. 30. Matches begin at 2:30 p.m. Free.

collegiate golf
Northwestern University, Wilmette Golf Course, Lake av., Wilmette (UN 4-1800). vs. Detroit, Apr. 24. Free.

TV: local listings, distilled

for children
Mr. Wizard, Channel 4, Sat. 5 p.m.
Jet Pilot, Channel 5, Sat. 5:30 p.m.
Kukla, Fran and Ollie, Channel 5, Sun. 2:30 p.m.
Excursion, Channel 5, Sun. 3 p.m.
Zoo Parade, Channel 5, Sun. 3:30 p.m.
Super Circus, Channel 7, Sun. 4 p.m.
Ding Dong School, Channel 5, weekdays 9 a.m.

for adults
Omnibus, Channel 2, Sun. 4 p.m.
Meet the Press, Channel 5, Sun. 5 p.m.
Mr. Peepers, Channel 5, Sun. 6:30 p.m.
Today, Channel 5, weekdays 7 a.m.
Voice of Firestone, Channel 5, Mon. 7:30 p.m.
Robert Montgomery Presents, Channel 5. Mon. 8:30 p.m.
Studio One, Channel 2, Mon. 9 p.m.
Bishop Fulton J. Sheen, Channel 9, Tue. 7 p.m.
Make Way for Father, Channel 7, Tue. 8 p.m.
United States Steel Hour, alternating with **The Motorola Theater,** Channel 7, Tue. 8:30 p.m.
The Chicago Symphony, Channel 9, Wed. 7:30 p.m.
Kraft Theater, Channel 5, Wed. 8 p.m.; Channel 7, Thurs. 8:30 p.m.
Judge for Yourself, Channel 5, Tue. 9 p.m.
See It Now, Channel 2, Tue. 9:30 p.m.
Down You Go, Channel 9, Fri. 9:30 p.m.

DINING OUT

with entertainment and/or dancing

Balinese Room, Blackstone Hotel, 636 s. Michigan av. (HA 7-4300). A pleasant rendezvous. Music for dining and dancing by the Hal Otis or George Metz trio. Noon til 1 a.m., Sat. til 2.

Black Orchid, Rush at Ontario sts. (MO 4-6666). The shows have talent; the menu features good food. 5 p.m. to 4 a.m. Shows from 9:30.

Blue Angel, 801 n. Rush st. (SU 7-5060). The "Monday Night Sing" is fast becoming one of the most popular occurrences in town. Features other nights. 5 p.m. to 4 a.m. Shows 9:30, 12, 2 a.m.

Boulevard Room, Conrad Hilton, 720 s. Michigan av. (WA 2-4400, for reservations ask for Phil). "Skating Headlines" is the current ice extravaganza, with Frankie Masters' orchestra and ballerina Magie Lee. Open from 6:30 p.m. Shows nightly 8:30 and midnight.

The Buttery, Hotel Ambassador West, n. State st. at Goethe st. (SU 7-7200). That elegant little room. Dance rhythms by Ralph Rodgers' Latin-American orchestra. Noon to 2 a.m.; dancing after 9.

Camellia House, Drake Hotel, Lake Shore dr. at Michigan av. (SU 7-2200). Re-opening Apr. 16 in new dress by Dorothy Draper for Easter, still has superb French cuisine and Jimmy Blade's melodies for dancing. Noon to 3 p.m., 6 p.m. to 1 a.m.

Chez Paree, 610 Fairbanks ct. (DE 7-3434). Danny Thomas with a basket of songs and patter arrives Apr. 4, to be followed by Sophie Tucker, the ultimate red hot mama. Open evenings til 4 a.m. Shows at 9 p.m. and midnight, late show Sat. at 2 a.m.

College Inn Porterhouse, Sherman Hotel, Randolph and Clark sts. (FR 2-2100). Dine western style on chuck wagon stew or prime steaks while enjoying the wandering guitar of Ray Blanco. Noon to 1 a.m.

Empire Room, Palmer House, State and Monroe sts. (RA 6-7500, for reservations ask for Fritz). Dolores Grey, who has her own way with a song, heads the "parade of stars", beginning Apr. 8. Open 6 p.m. to 2 a.m. Shows at 8:30 and midnight.

Glass Hat, Congress Hotel, 520 s. Michigan av. (HA 7-3800). Wayne Muir's "Glass Hatters" make music in a modern manner and setting. Cuisine by chef Amato Ferrero. Open for dinner 5:30 p.m.

The Glass House, Graemere Hotel, 3400 w. Washington blvd. (VA 6-7600). Sparkling motif with dance music by Johnny Gilbert and his versatile group. Luncheon, dinner.

Lotus Room, La Salle Hotel, La Salle and Madison sts. (FR 2-0700). Tropical flowers and Charlie Agnew's band continue to please discriminating customers. 11:30 a.m. to 1 a.m.; dancing after 9:30.

Marine Dining Room, Edgewater Beach Hotel, 5300 n. Sheridan rd. (LO 1-6000). Ana Maria Alberghetti comes along Apr. 16 with her remarkable singing. Open to 2 a.m. Shows nightly at 8:30 and 10:30 p.m., Sats. 8:30 and 11:30 p.m.

Old Heidelberg, 14 w. Randolph st. (FR 2-1892). Downstairs in the Rathskeller, Herby Hart and his own brand of humor. Upstairs in the main dining room, piano or organ music. 11 a.m. to 1 a.m.

The Pump Room, Hotel Ambassador East, n. State st. at Goethe st. (SU 7-7200). Dine a la flaming sword in this celebrity-society spot. David Le Winter's music for dancing. Noon to 2 a.m.

Swiss Chalet, Bismarck Hotel, 171 w. Randolph st. (CE 6-0123). In a modern Alpine setting, the violin of Endre Oskay, backed by his fine orchestra. Noon to 1 a.m. No cabaret tax.

DINING OUT

with atmosphere

Athens Restaurant, 530 s. Halsted st. (MO 6-2072). Modern Greek temple for worshippers of the culinary art. For dishes Hellenic and Athenian, you'll pay homage — and a fair price. 11:30 a.m. to 11 p.m.

Bamboo Inn, 11 n. Clark st. (AN 3-1221). You don't have to know a chop stick from a bean sprout to enjoy Cantonese delicacies served in this Oriental atmosphere. Unusual drinks in the Lipo lounge. 11 a.m. to midnight.

Barney's Market Club, 741 w. Market st. (AN 3-9795). Tho Barney is no longer around to greet guests with his famous "Hiya, Senator," the food at his popular Chicago landmark still does him proud. Steak and lobsters are favorites. 11:30 a.m. to 4 a.m.

Berghoff's, 17 w. Adams st. (HA 7-3170). Here is the place to take a hearty appetite and modest finances. Corned beef and cabbage, Thuringer sausage and other fine German dishes, also good bock beer in season. 11:30 a.m. to 9:30 p.m. Closed Sundays.

Binyon's, 327 s. Plymouth ct. (WE 9-8498). The fine German fare of this tavern-like eating place satisfies the lions of La Salle street and is sure to please you, too. 11 a.m. to 11 p.m. Closed Sundays.

A Bit of Sweden, 1015 Rush st. (DE 7-1492). Take your time and savor the wonderful delicacies from the smorgasbord table, or enjoy a traditional meal. 5:30 p.m. to 9:30 p.m.

Cafe De Paris, 1260 n. Dearborn pkwy. (WH 4-5620). Delectable French fare is all the more enjoyable in this gay Gallic setting. You really should have crepes Suzette. 5 p.m. to 11 p.m.

The Cameo, 116 e. Walton pl. (SU 7-1200). If you like decorative diners and dinners, this is a natural choice. Such substantial dishes as roast beef done to perfection. Noon to 1 a.m.

Cape Cod Room, Drake Hotel, Lake Shore dr. at Michigan av. (SU 7-2200). Possibly the finest seafood and most authentic seaside setting in town. Those who know say the red snapper soup is not to be equaled. Noon to midnight.

Golden Ox, 1578 Clybourn av. (MO 4-0780). The most popular viands of old Germany, zither and piano music, and a cheery atmosphere. 11 a.m. to 2 a.m.

Gold's, 810 w. Roosevelt rd. (SE 3-4300). Some of the finest Kosher cookery in town takes place in this fine old eating place. 6 a.m. to 9 p.m.

Grecian Terrace, 55 w. Washington st. (RA 6-0637). Excellent Greek or American food, and irresistable pastries. 11:30 a.m. to midnight.

Kungsholm, 100 e. Ontario st. (WH 4-2700). The elaborate smorgasbord is a ritual in this elegant show place. In addition, there's the delightful puppet opera, for which reservations are required. 11:30 a.m. to 10 p.m.

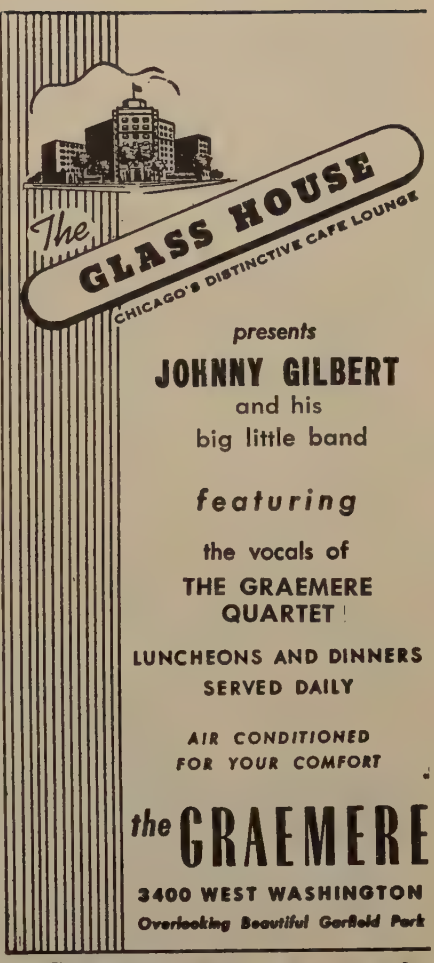
Jacques' French Restaurant, 900 n. Michigan av. (DE 7-9040). Continental foods and select wines in a lighthearted French atmosphere. Noon to 11 p.m.

Jules', 814 w. 71st st. (AB 4-1652). Famous "hand me down" French and Creole recipes receive careful attention here, with most satisfactory results. Noon to 12:30 a.m. Closed Tuesdays.

L'Aiglon, 22 e. Ontario st. (DE 7-6070). Discover or rediscover this charming Victorian mansion where delicious French dishes and Southern-style seafood head the menu. Noon to midnight.

London House, 360 n. Michigan av. (AN 3-6920). Popular with advertising, radio and TV personnel, who are eloquently in favor of the fine prime steaks and chops. 7:30 a.m. to 1 a.m.

Ong Lok Yun, 105 n. Dearborn st. (ST 2-9375). Take your choice of Cantonese cooking or popular American dishes. 11 a.m. to 2 a.m.



FRANK YORK and his strolling violins at dinner

DANCING FROM 9 P.M.

FOR RESERVATIONS: FRANKLIN 2-2100

COLLEGE INN PORTERHOUSE

THE SHERMAN

CHICAGO'S MOST CONVENIENT HOTEL

Drive right into the Hotel Sherman

RANDOLPH, CLARK AND LASALLE STREETS

Here's what they're saying about THE BOULEVARD ROOM

NATE GROSS, Chicago American
"The best floor show in town is 'Skating Headlines' at the Boulevard Room of The Conrad Hilton."

SAM LESNER, Daily News
"'Skating Headlines' makes its own headlines by turning out to be an exceedingly handsome, vibrantly alive musical show."

BILL LEONARD, Chicago Tribune
"'Skating Headlines', fifteenth ice musical on the boulevard, is one of the brightest and fastest to date."

CHARLIE DAWN, Chicago American
"'Skating Headlines' is the best of any ice show The Conrad Hilton has presented."

For reservations, call "Phil" — WAbash 2-4400

THE Conrad Hilton

DINING OUT

in the suburbs

Anderson's 109 s. 5th av., Maywood (FI 3-9576). The place where the local gentry like to meet their friends. 10 a.m. to 8 p.m. Closed Saturdays.

Allgauer's Fireside, 7200 Lincoln av., Lincolnwood (JU 8-8600). A large, likeable restaurant with an abundant offering of fine foods. 11:30 a.m. to 3 a.m.

Tom Brown's 8617 Niles Center rd., Skokie (OR 3-3914). United Nations smorgasbord on Mon. nights. Good food other times, too. 11:30 a.m. to 1 a.m. Closed Tuesdays.

Country Fare, Skokie hwy. at Dundee rd., Glencoe (GL 2400). Here "country fare" seems to mean food of many countries, as well as popular American dishes. 11 a.m. to 4 a.m.

Deerpath Inn, 225 e. Illinois rd., Lake Forest (LAKE FOREST 2280). A pleasant and convenient retreat for North Shore diners-out. Noon to 8 p.m.

Fanny's, 1601 Simpson st., Evanston (GR 5-8686). Fanny's spaghetti and other Italian provisions are deservedly famous. 5 p.m. to 10 p.m.

The Fredens, 5800 s. Madison av., Hinsdale (Hinsdale 349). Beautifully landscaped outside, and scores of good things to eat inside. Noon to 8:30 p.m.

Gabriel's, 111 s. Marion st., Oak Park (EU 6-4607). No wonder so many Oak Parkers look so well fed; excellent hot breads and pastries. Noon to 8 p.m.

Glenview Country House, 1560 Waukegan rd., Glenview (GL 4-1646.) The "fleet" from the nearby air base is often in here to endorse the many hearty offerings. 11:30 a.m. to 2 a.m.

Klas' Restaurant, 5734 w. Cermak rd., Cicero (OL 2-0795). A substantial bit of old Bohemia, in motif and menu; both most satisfactory. 11:30 a.m. to 2 a.m.

Landl's, Golf rd. near Edens hwy., Skokie (OR 3-2770). The decor is simple; the food is elegant and appetizing. 11:30 a.m. to 11 p.m.

Old Barn, State rd. at 82nd st., Oaklawn (Oaklawn 333). There's a quantity of good meals to choose among. Noon to midnight.

Old Spinning Wheel, 421 Ogden av., Hinsdale (Hinsdale 80). If you like American antiques as well as wholesome food, you'll find this charming log cabin well worth the short drive. Noon to 8 p.m.

Sally's on the Skokie, Skokie hwy. near Glenview rd. Skokie (OR 3-3131). Eat here any time: it never closes, never skimps on quality or quantity. 24 hrs. daily.

The Studio, 114 n. Marion st., Oak Park (EU 6-0746). Almost all the sauces and seasonings that make good food better must be used in the cooking here. 11 a.m. to 8 p.m.

The Tally-Ho, 19 s. Northwest hwy. Park Ridge (TA 3-4156). Colonial atmosphere; excellent service, appetizing meals. Noon to 8 p.m. Closed Mondays.

Wenzlaff's, Milwaukee av., Wheeling (Wheeling 129). The homemade relishes and desserts and the pleasing entrees (many of German origin) make a drive here worthwhile. Noon to 10 p.m. Closed Wednesdays.

For the Children

What shall we do with the children this week-end?

Art Institute Children's Theater, Goodman Memorial Theater, Monroe st. at Columbus dr. "Rip Van Winkle," Saturday, April 3, 10, 17, 24 at 2:30 p.m.; Sunday, April 11, 25 at 3 p.m.

Children's Theater of Evanston, Haven School (Prairie at Lincoln) "Robin Hood," Friday, April 30, at 2:45 p.m. Address mail orders for tickets to Children's Theater, School of Speech, Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill.

Jack and Jill Players, rm. 1422, Kimball Hall. "Sunny," a children's operetta. Friday, April 2, 16, 30, at 7:30 p.m.; Saturday, April 3, 10, 17 at 3 p.m.

Chicago Historical Society, in Lincoln Park, North av. and Clark st. Museum Mornings — illustrated talks for children. Free tickets from school or C.H.S. Subject April 3 and 10, 10 a.m.: "Transportation thru the Years." Week Day Assemblies — one hour talks with films. Free reserved tickets for teachers and their social science classes. Subject Wed., April 7 and 14, 10 a.m.: "Manifest Destiny."

Natural History Museum, Roosevelt rd. at Lake Shore dr. Movies for children, Saturday at 10:30 a.m.: April 3 "So Dear to My Heart;" April 10, "The Great Forest." April 17, "Jordan Valley;" April 24, "Wheels Across Australia."

Boulevard Room, Conrad Hilton, 720 s. Michigan av. Easter Sunday matinee. In addition to the regular floor show a special program and favors for children. Also Children's Easter Parade. 4:00 p.m.

Chicago Symphony Orchestra Young People's Concerts, Orchestra Hall, 220 s. Michigan av. "Dance Forms in Music," April 6 and 20 at 3 p.m.

Brookfield Zoo, 14 miles west of the Loop in Brookfield, Ill. Moats separate spectator and animals. Daily 10 a.m. to 4.30 p.m. Free Thursday, Saturday, Sunday and holidays; other days 30c.

Lincoln Park Zoo, 2200 north in Lincoln Park. Nearly 2,000 mammals, birds, reptiles. Daily 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Trailside Museum of Natural History, 738 Thatcher rd., River Forest, in Thatcher's Wood forest preserve. A little known small zoo. Local birds and animals alive and stuffed. Open 10 a.m. to 12 noon; 1 p.m. to 5 p.m. Closed Thursday.

A Note of Thanks & Apology

CHICAGO was launched last month in the confidence that a responsive readership waited here for a magazine that would reflect the city accurately in word and picture — as *the* American metropolis, with a creative past, an exciting present, a great potential for the future.

Now its Board of Directors and its Editorial Staff find themselves in the pleasant embarrassment of the weatherman who, in a dry spell, accurately predicted rain, but hadn't dressed for a deluge.

Volume I, Number 1 of CHICAGO appeared on the news-stands on the morning of Friday, February 26th. Three hours later, it was sold out at all major Loop outlets. Over the weekend, we had to increase the news-stand allotment by 50% — and the extra copies were sold out, too. *It's the circulation experts, not we, who call the public response "sensational" — well beyond the expected curiosity sale of a new magazine.*

So—a word of warm thanks:

To those who bought and read our first issue. In one weekend, you gave us a greater circulation than any local magazine has attained, even after years of publication.

Most of all we appreciate the phone calls, letters and face-to-face assurances that you liked CHICAGO after a cover-to-cover reading — and the record rate at which you have been mailing in subscriptions.

A word of happy apology:

To all who tried to buy CHICAGO *and found it sold out at one news-stand after another.* We're sorry you missed the first issue, and glad to assure you this second one has even more to offer. And we've further increased our news-stand allotment, so many who missed our debut should have better luck this time.

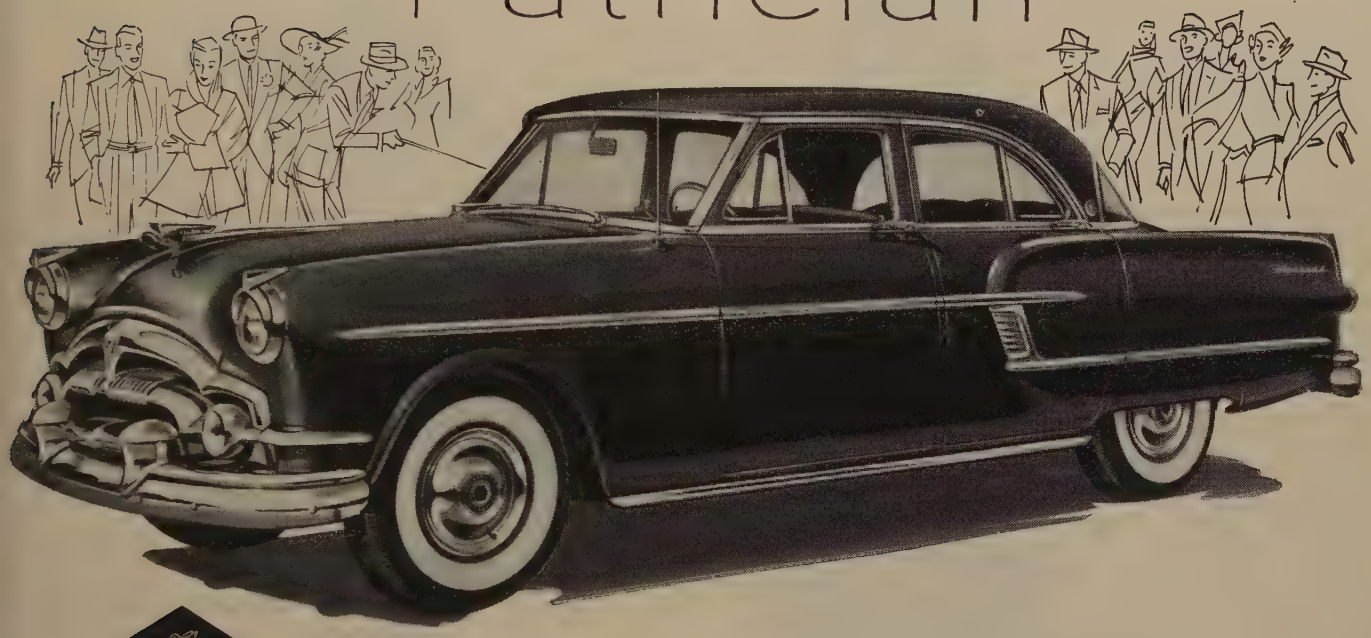
But to be sure of receiving CHICAGO every month, it's wise to subscribe.

Maurice English

P.S. to Advertisers. We're told CHICAGO is the first general magazine for consumers in this area to open its circulation figures for inspection. They show, we think, that our readers are your preferred customers. And have you glanced at page 59?

the NEW 1954 PACKARD

Patrician



AMERICA'S NEW CHOICE IN FINE CARS

The new 1954 Packard Patrician . . . a new and finer edition of the car that made history last year . . . marks the beginning of Chapter II in the new Packard Program!

It is designed for men and women who don't like to follow the crowd. For it gives not only the luxury—but the *individuality* you expect from the greatest name in the fine car field.

The elegance of the Packard Patrician's new contour styling gives you all the brilliance of Packard's rich tradition of custom craftsmanship. Its new 212-H.P. engine, built into watch-like smoothness and quiet by Packard's famous engineering, leaves nothing to be desired in performance or power.

And for effortless ease of handling—no other car offers more or finer *automatic* features!

Ownership of the new 1954 Packard Patrician truly separates you from the monotony and unimaginativeness of following the motor-car crowd. And it's an ownership with pride so honest . . . you can invite comparison with any other fine car you can name.

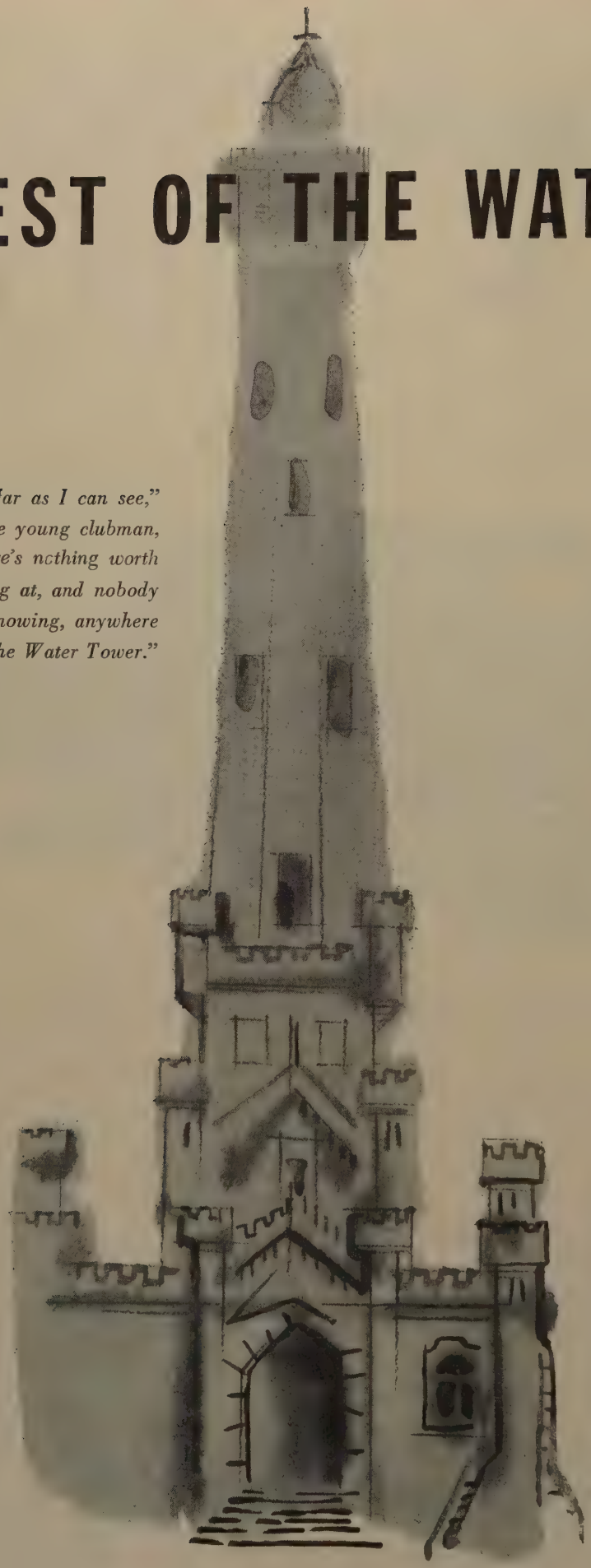
Your Packard dealer will be glad to place a car at your disposal so that you may judge for yourself!

Now...ask the Man Who Owns One

PACKARD DEALERS OF METROPOLITAN CHICAGO

WEST OF THE WATER TOWER

Drawings by George Suyeoka



"As far as I can see," said the young clubman, "there's nothing worth looking at, and nobody worth knowing, anywhere west of the Water Tower."

All Belgians Are Equal

There is a select group of people in any large city who are connoisseurs of the local telephone book: in this community, it has been possible to identify them in the past, if – without being of Flemish or Walloon origin – they knew about the All Belgians Are Equal Club. Even casual students of successive editions of the phone book will have exchanged comments about their favorite company titles – e.g., The International Flouncing Corporation – or about such fraternities as The Arabian Horse Club of America, Boosters for Christ, the Chiselers' Club, the Foxy Fellows Club, The Junoesque Foundation, Inc. (a club, it says), or Ye Olde Shillelaghs Inc. Such titles come and go. But serious scholars have recognized each other by their mutual awareness, thru the years, of the All Belgians Are Equal Club.

After decades, it disappeared from the phone book about a year ago – an event which, to a few devotees, was equivalent to finding blank columns where the John Smiths or Patrick Murphys would normally be. And no one explained why.

This is curious considering that, after all, the club still exists.

The All Belgians Are Equal Club was founded about 40 years ago. It had been preceded by another Belgian club which admitted only Flemish-speaking Belgians and excluded Walloons. This fact reflected a painful historical situation in Belgium. The country consists of two distinct and often antithetical racial groups: the Flemish, a majority group allied to the Dutch and English and speaking, like the Dutch and English, a Ger-

manic tongue; and the Walloons, who speak French and, altho a minority, dominated the country socially, economically and politically.

The Flemish Belgians got here first, and founded their exclusive society for the benefit of about 200 families resident around Logan Square. The late-arriving Walloons were chagrined to find that the superiority they enjoyed in the home country was reversed on the West Side. They were blackballed en masse. Result: the All Belgians Are Equal Club, where Flemish members like Julius de Gee Ter, Peter Joos and Octaaf Van den Bosch have co-existed in good comradeship with Walloons like Emile Saelens. Like all nationality clubs, its object was to help new immigrants, but in this case the purpose was to assist them in adjusting not only to America, but also to one another.

At its peak the club had 400 members, but between 1934 and '46 membership fell to one-fourth that total. There is an explanation for this, offered by Gallet (an officer for 29 years, treasurer for the last 10, acknowledged club historian and source of this account). During the prohibition era, local Belgians had few places to go except the club, which staged monthly variety shows that packed the clubhouse at Fullerton and Talman. With the legalization of alcohol, however, club members began to drift off.

Other factors were at work. For one reason or another, Belgians have a tendency to go into apartment-house janitoring: one report says there are 11,000 Belgian janitors in the city today. (It can't be true). As the men got jobs janitoring in various parts of the city, their families moved away from Logan Square, and their sons and daughters grew up – in environments where talk of "Flemish" and "Walloon" made little sense.

While their children and grandchildren are elsewhere, about 100 elderly Belgian-born citizens turn up regularly for the club's tournaments of pool and *bien* (a form of pinochle), carried on in standard American with occasional lapses into Antwerp Flemish or Brussels French. But they don't feel a need to think of themselves any more as members of the All Belgians Are Equal Club. And that's why, sometime last year, the name of the organization finally vanished from the phone book.

You can still reach its membership, however, simply by looking up Belgian Hall.

Vatican City, Ill.

Research into the background of Admiral Gallery for the lead article in the first issue of CHICAGO ("Admiral Gallery & His Prairie Flight Deck," March, 1954), brought to light some choice bits of Chicagoana. Most of them were not particularly appropriate to the Admiral's story as covered by the article, but one, at least, is too engaging to be lost. It concerns an encounter between one of Gallery's grandparents, William Onahan, a local civic and Catholic leader of some prominence, and the first Philip D. Armour. These two were old acquaintances, and they met by chance one day late in the last century. Mr. Armour clutched a newspaper which reported that Italian nationalists were giving the Pope a hard time: there was even some danger that he might be driven into exile. This news had inspired Armour with the visionary idea of inviting the Pope, the College of Cardinals and the whole Vatican to remove from Rome to Chicago. With the kind of enthusiasm that propelled this city's fathers, Armour pointed out that a suitable corporation could erect the necessary palaces, and even possibly another St. Peter's, along the lake front. He was astonished to discover that his friend thought the idea was essentially impractical.

"Why," protested Armour, "we can make enough money in the increase of nearby land values to pay for the whole thing."

How to Organize the Eggheads

The typical Chicago precinct captain calls himself a "presint cap'n." He is a paunchy and red-faced backslapper who exudes cigar smoke, glib promises, bad English and whisky fumes. His aim is to get out the vote for his party, and he does this by straightening out little misunderstandings between the voters and the police, arranging city jobs and providing coal to needy families who vote the straight ticket.

Frank Bane jr., the Democratic captain of the 5th ward's 43rd precinct, wants to get out the vote, too. But Frank's talents as a vote-catcher could be utilized in only a few of Chicago's 4,000-odd precincts, and, of these, perhaps fully only in the 43rd.

Bounded by 56th and 59th streets and Ellis and Kimbark avenues, the 43rd precinct takes in U. of C. dormitories, fraternity houses, three theological seminaries and numerous faculty homes, including that of Chancellor and Mrs. Lawrence A. Kimpton (both, incidentally, registered Republicans). Voters in this area rarely have trouble with the police. Practically no one wants a City Hall job. Those whose heat is not provided by the university are able to buy their own coal. The typical precinct captain would consider it a political never-never land.

This is because the university eggheads thrive on political dissent, and minority parties always pick up votes in the 43rd. Splitting the ticket is held to be a point of honor. So, tho normally Democratic, it is never considered safe for the party. At any election, a sizeable portion of the egghead constituency is likely to stampede left or right of center over issues unheard of in such primitive paradises of straight-ticket voting as the River Wards or Lake Forest. These issues may easily range from some Thomistic proposition in the field of natural law to a program for the control of atomic energy. Frank's capacity for plausible patter in such areas — and, at a minimum, his ability to look knowing instead of blank — is as important to his vote-catching as another presint cap'n's ease of access to Paddy or Tony over at City Hall.

A 28-year-old bachelor, Frank was born in Knoxville, Tenn., where his father was welfare commissioner. Six years later, Frank sr. became director of the American Public Welfare Association and the family moved here.

Frank got into politics when, in 1942, he and some classmates in the University rented a basement flat in a tenement building, christened it the "Dog House," and used it for parties.

Frank Ford, captain of the 55th precinct, in which the Dog House was located, asked Frank if the city could rent it as a polling place. "Sure, if we can watch," said Frank.

"They made several of us poll watchers," Frank recollected. "That got me interested. The politics I had been acquainted with was pretty much on a high level — the people who were running the show. It was kind of impressive watching the precinct captains getting the vote out, keeping track of who voted and hunting up those who didn't. Things weren't as simple as I had thought. I had decided to study government in school, so I figured I'd find out what goes on in the precincts."

Frank volunteered his services to Ford as assistant captain, and pushed doorbells for FDR in the precinct in 1944, with good results.

Despite his impromptu success as a ward-heeler, Frank left the university without a degree in December of 1948. "I was thrown out," he declares. But he did get a degree in public administration from Roosevelt College, and he continued to help out Ford. In the summer of 1948 he won recognition from ward headquarters.

The Democrats were stuck with a sure loser, name of Harry Truman, that year, and some precinct captains were abandoning ship. Frank was commissioned a full captain and given command of the 43rd. Capt. Bane quickly appointed several students as his assistants and together they set the 43rd's doorbells a-buzzing.

Truman got 231 votes, 10 more than Gov. Dewey. This was pretty good considering that Norman Thomas drained off 70 egghead votes. (Claude A. Watson, a Prohibitionist, and Edward A. Teichert, a member of the Socialist Labor Party, each drew a vote also).

There followed a short stretch selling insurance until Frank, who had been 4-F in World War II, was drafted in 1950. He was discharged two years later and was back only a day when he became a deputy clerk of the Municipal Court. "It's the only office in City Hall where you work eight hours a day," said Frank. "I think Joe Gill is trying to get into heaven. I came home dead tired and then I had to go out canvassing."

With the assistance of the Independent Voters of Illinois, Frank saw to it that all eligible students were registered. (The professors are mostly Republicans, so he ignores them).

On election day, nearly 100 per cent of the eligible voters in the 43rd turned out to vote. "When the polls opened," Frank recalls, "some lawyers from the quote Young Attorneys for Stratton unquote arrived and said, 'You have 175 fraudulent registrations.' I said, 'Call 'em what you may, but every one of them is going to vote.' Every one of them did."

Frank was pleased to report to ward headquarters that Stevenson drew 273 votes, 105 more than Eisenhower. Vincent Hallinan, the Progressive Party choice for president, got six write-in votes, and Eric Hass, Socialist-Labor, one vote.

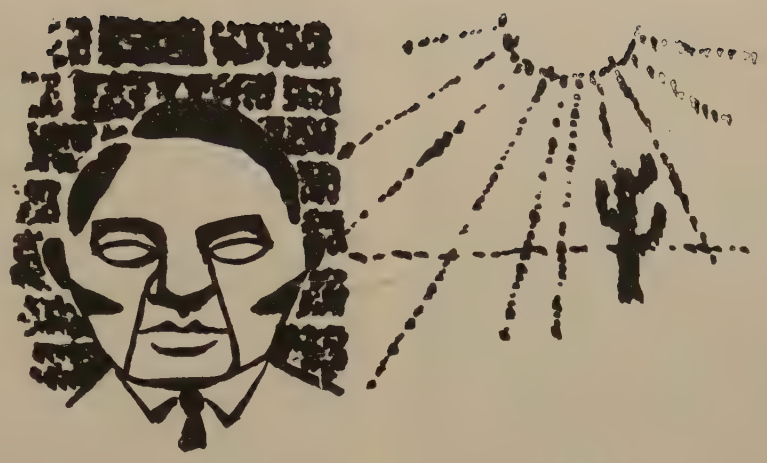
Frank no longer has his City Hall job but keeps up his contacts with the constituency. He has discarded his old ambition of becoming a government career man.

"It's no good," said Frank. "In the first place, you work at a sacrifice. Then maybe there's a mysterious phone call that you read Karl Marx once. Somebody gets excited. You're ruined.

"I might run for an elective office some day, but only when I've got a certain basic income, am not responsible to anyone and can deal the cards my way."

While the most parboiled among 5th ward eggheads are not wholly pleased over Frank's entrance into politics, at least two of them are moderately favorable — Sen. Paul Douglas and Ald. Robert Merriam.

"Such men are badly needed," says the Senator. "The voters will receive him well. Politics is a noble profession if nobly practiced. Incidentally, the word 'idiot' comes from a Greek word meaning 'one uninterested in public affairs.'"



Native Sons

A couple of non-Indian carpenters were building partitions in the fourth floor quarters of the All Tribes American Indian Center at 411 north La Salle street on a recent Saturday afternoon. The floors in the former loft space were shining with recent painting and polishing and the walls and ceilings were dressed with fresh gray paint. Down on the third floor level a hundred new steel folding chairs lined the walls and three bright chalk-on-canvas murals hung unsullied by soot in a neighborhood largely of factories, warehouses and parking lots. One of the paintings was titled: *Walsai of the Red Willow People* and pictured a venerable Indian chief watering his horse at a forest stream. All this was part of the activities of the American Indians of Chicago in preparation of an ethnic wigwam for their social and recreational needs.

"This work has been done mostly by Indians on a voluntary basis," said Thomas A. Segundo, acting director of the center, as he took off his hat, a black leather hunting cap trimmed with fur around the ear laps. He tugged up the pressed trousers of his gray, double-breasted suit and sat down in one of the chairs. Next to him was a silent, rather battered prewar Philco floor model radio on which rested a thrift shop bargain in the shape of a reclining plaster camel painted orange and fashioned into a lamp. "Everything you see in here has been donated, outside of the steel chairs."

The donations include a small library of second hand books among whose titles are *Ethel Morton and the Christmas Ship, Dorothy Saxon Solves the Conway Case* and *Little Women.* There are some dated magazines, *McCall's, American Home, Time, Boy's Life,* and a soiled copy of *Really So Stories* in a black enamelled bookcase along the wall. A few games lie about: a Big Star Picture Puzzle and a Built Rite Interlocking Picture Puzzle. Among the more attractive donations are a dried ear of Indian corn hanging from a picture hook by its tassel and an unframed oil painting on canvas board entitled *Freedom* showing a tribal scene of braves and squaws in domestic activity before a campsite. The picture is signed by one "Guy L. Byrd, 9-20-53."

Segundo, a soft-spoken young man of the Papago Tribe, adjusted his gold rimmed glasses and said quietly: "We opened here the first of November, but it went very slow." He looked down at his hand and wriggled his fingers as he sought to express the immensity of the task. "We just didn't have any equipment. We had so much to do. When we started out we had just these two lofts. The floors were in very bad shape. It was embarrassing at first. When we had our first open house, the best we could do was to scrub the floors and then the work progressed very slowly, gradually." He looked at the ceiling briefly. "This must have been a factory, a dirty place."

There are several agencies interested in the center including the American Friends Committee, the

Chicago Regional Office of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, and various church groups.

Segundo explained that the Bureau of Indian Affairs aids newly arrived Indians to locate jobs in Chicago, but that their efforts end there. "You see, the difficulties for the Indians come in becoming adjusted to their new situation in the city. Most of them are from reservations where they have had little contact with the outside world." His facial expression was placid, but he spoke with a level-eyed intensity. "Our real job here at the center is to get Indians into the right pursuits, in the right schools and agencies. We want to direct them to the places they can go to in sickness, for guidance, for recreation, for good clean recreation. All this is really very necessary."

There are forty American Indian tribes represented in Chicago at the present time, according to Segundo, who estimated their combined number at from three to four thousand. There is a preponderance of Sioux from the Dakotas, Chippewas from Minnesota, Winnebagos and Oniedas from Wisconsin. There are the Cherokees from the Carolinas as well as the Cherokees from Oklahoma. There are about thirty six or seven other tribes represented locally, including the Crows, Choctaws, Arapahos, Cheyennes, Fox, Apaches (several groups), Navahos, Pimas, Papagos, Maricopas, Hopi, Pueblo, Havasupai and Stockbridge.

"We provide here at the center a meeting place for bringing them together," said Segundo, bringing together his hands in a palm-to-palm meeting. "Many times they come in on Saturdays to sit around and talk and visit. A lot of fellows come to meet. Many have met for the first time members of their own tribe."

There are many differences between the various tribes in their languages, customs, and rituals. But they generally get along well together in social activities. Segundo explained these minor friction points. "Like your Masons might not get along with the Rotarians," he said. "But, of course, there are many things they have in common which naturally draws them together."

Segundo, a resident of Chicago since June 1953, lives with his wife and six children at 5808 Drexel boulevard. He attends the University of Chicago where he studies sociology, anthropology, psychology and natural resource conservation. He is the former chairman of the Papago Council, a tribe of 8,000 Indians on a 3,000,000 acre reservation in Arizona. In 1952 he was a state delegate from Arizona to the National Democratic Convention in Chicago.

"What I propose to do at the University is to give my experience underpinning," he said. "My idea is to prepare myself and go back to tribal government to help my people."

The center is open to all Indians and their friends, according to Segundo. Rising from his chair, he smiled, his brown eyes animated with friendliness. "No matter what tribe they may be from, they are all welcome here," he said. "That's why we call it the *All Tribes* American Indian Center."

The carpenters were finishing up for the day just about the time the first visitor arrived. The new arrival, a young Indian dressed in a natty double-breasted tan suit, browsed briefly among the scattered magazines on the shelves. By the time the carpenters were ready to leave, the young man was comfortably installed in one of the upholstered chairs, napping over an open copy of *Time* Magazine in his lap.

Pocket Pickings

If the week's reckonings show that you've let a $10 or $20 bill go astray, chances are you didn't leave it in the salt and pepper tweed you sent to the cleaners. That's the opinion of Harold Keefe jr., manager of N. Prieb & Co., 4220 west Madison street, who remarked, "People are very careful with money. What we get from customers' clothes is usually a lot of junk."

On the other hand if you are missing any old political campaign buttons, keys, fuses, or bank books, there is a chance they might have turned up at your local cleaner and dyer. Looking over a collection of items gleaned from the clothing of fastidious West Siders was as intimately revealing as peering into someone's inside breast pocket. Some items had the touch-worn look of cherished keepsakes: a small black leather case little larger than a matchbook had stamped on the cover: *My Companions — Jesus, Mary and Joseph.* Inside were three tiny gilded statuettes of the Holy Family. These devotional souvenirs were part of Prieb's accumulation from their patrons' pockets. Each article was contained in a small brown envelope with the customer's name written on it.

"They're here waiting for the people any time they want 'em," Keefe said. There is a roll of dental floss, unused, waiting to be spoken for along with a snapshot negative of an action scene in which two firemen are stoutly wielding a hose on the smoking loading-dock of a factory. Some local teamster is driving around the city disenfranchised from the brotherhood, because his union membership button is in the cache along with someone else's deposit book from the Continental Illinois Bank & Trust Company of Chicago which reports a balance of $100.49 as of March 19, 1946. These articles rest among assorted golf tees, lipstick cartridges, dress buttons, ear rings, and one purse-sized Max Factor hand-cream dispenser.

Another item, a tin faced campaign button, reports this legend on its outside: *Official Adlai Greeter Nov. 1;* but on the other side in pencil-written script is the statement, *I Like Ike.*

Money does turn up. But not usually in clothing. Keefe, a spotlessly cleaned and pressed young man, said: "There was this woman who came in here and boy, was she mad! She said she'd pinned some money in her drapes which had been brought in here. We hadn't found it. But we went back and looked and sure enough it was there all right, pinned in her drapes, in the lining." The woman, mollified, left them in good spirits. "About a hundred dollars it was," Keefe disclosed.

That reminded him of another incident. "Once one of our drivers was delivering a set of drapes to a woman and as he walked up the steps to her house he heard a bag fall out, a paper bag. He didn't open it, he gave it to the lady. It was full of diamonds, necklaces and things." The bag of gems, pinned in the fabric,

had gone undiscovered thru the entire process of sorting, marking, washing, drying and pressing.

Beyond those episodes, nothing of great value has been found at Prieb's. "A man came in here once, tho, and said we kept his wrist watch," Keefe declared. "We couldn't find it. Well, the man was real mad and he came back with two police. With the police we looked again and didn't find it. Finally, the police went home with the man and they found his watch in his dresser." Keefe smiled. "The man never did come back and apologize. One of the police did, tho. He said the man should buy us a fifth."

Fingering through a separate collection of items for which ownership has never been established, Keefe held up a dented gold pocket-watch case. The face was missing, but the parts were still in it. "'The Elgin National Watch Company,'" he read from it. "Bet this was some kid's pride and joy," he romanticized.

"Sometimes you get stuff you just don't know what to do with," Keefe mused, as he picked up the box and shook it in the manner of a skeptical prospector panning silt. "We had this shell. This shotgun shell. You don't like to keep it. You don't like to throw it out. We finally gave it to a guy with a shotgun."

"There's a surprising number of religious articles," he said, holding up a rosary briefly before dropping it back into the pile. Keefe is of the opinion that rosaries and devotional medallions far outnumber any other single category of lost articles. "Sometimes I think people are glad to lose them," he confided. "They don't want to give them away. They don't want to throw them out. So what they do is lose them and maybe they're glad."

In a room strongly charged with naphtha fumes, Keefe lifted out the trap from one of the plant's huge rotary washers. Resembling in length and shape the ice cream container drums in a soda fountain, it was fashioned of metal screening. At the bottom, in a collection of sodden lint, scores of glittering straight pins stuck out of the dark mass thru the holes in the screening. Lifting off the cover revealed the glint of yellow metal reflecting from a dress button lodged in the sump. Keefe made no effort to retrieve it, explaining the traps are cleaned out once a week. It could have been of gold.

Prieb & Co. has branches in Oak Park as well as in the city. Keefe said: "One time the girls were talking about these lost things and they thought the people in Oak Park were more careful about searching their pockets than the people in Chicago. That's no official consensus, you understand. The girls were noticing, tho.

"Awhile ago," he continued, "I said I thought more women's articles were lost than men's. I don't know about that." He reflected a moment. "I guess it's about even," he decided.

The pickings from the pockets bore him out. Lipstick cartridges were holding their own with business cards, but the kids were represented, too. There is a membership button in *Hinky Dink's Ice Follies* waiting to be claimed, along with a Boy Scout pin, a red checker, and one tin cricket in good working order.

By Alson J. Smith

Designed by Harold Walter

Sheriff Babb has caught up with The Game six times . . . but the next night it's always going again.

The biggest floating crap game in the world

Somewhere in Cook County, a hoe-handle and a half from the Loop, the granddaddy of all floating crap games is going into its fifth successive year.

Where is The Game? Ask any of the Randolph Street Rover Boys. These are the knowing denizens of the upper underworld who hang out in front of the old Garrick building. They bear such Damon Runyonish cognomens as Morose Artie, Charlie HaHa, Five Star Final, Silk Hat Harry, and Morey the Red. They are the guys who haven't lost their clout: charming fellows with no visible means of support who always know where to get a bet down. With sharp clothes and lots of savvy, they do for the real thing what Nathan Detroit, Big Julie, and Nicely-Nicely Johnson did for the stage version of the "world's oldest established floating crap-game" in "Guys and Dolls."

The Randolph Street Rover Boys provide the backdrop, the Guys and Dolls flavor, to The Game. But this is no musical comedy operation. Sheriff John Babb has been stalking it since 1950 and occasionally hits it, pulling a few pinches and smashing up a lot of folding crap tables and other bric-a-brac, but never enough to hold it up more than a few hours.

The Game is a Syndicate deal (it would have to be in Cook County). The bank is $100,000, the average amount in the game at any one time being around $12,000, although during slack hours, when many of the players are factory workers, servicemen, etc. it may drop to a few hundred. But in the busy small hours of the morning, when well-heeled conventioneers, movie stars, and opulent suckers "steered" to The Game by tipsters in bars and Loop hotels roll against the Syndicate's own pros, the folding money on the tables may crowd $40,000. Midnight is the hour that divides the boys from the men.

The Game has been going long enough now to have a considerable folklore. For instance, its regulars like to reminisce about:

The night when a corncobber from Kansas, wearing button shoes and pants that left an inch of his socks exposed, was suckered into The Game when he flashed a roll at the bar of the Morrison Hotel, after having been heard to say something about selling his wheat crop. This character was welcomed with joy and handed a pair of cold dice. He threw twenty-four straight passes and walked out with $21,500. Nobody ever saw him again.

The night when the fabulous international gambler known as Ike the Athenian dropped $37,000 in an hour and a half and nonchalantly wrote an I.O.U. which was just as nonchalantly accepted.

The night when a madcap feminine movie star, a notorious "crapolic" (craps addict), got into The Game by cutting her hair and dressing up in men's clothes. She lost heavily, got drunk, stripped to the buff, knocked over three folding dice tables, and had to be slugged to keep her quiet. She woke up in a roomette on The Chief, bound for Hollywood.

The night the late Nick De John, a local gambler who was later murdered on the Coast, got burned up during a long losing spell and cast some loud aspersions on the honesty of The Game and the ancestry of its operators. When he and some friends began trying to take the place apart Syndicate blackjacks quickly restored order. But Nick's number was up.

After talking with Sheriff Babb and Virgil Peterson, head of the Crime Commission, about The Game, we decided we'd like to take a look at it. Neither Babb nor Peterson were much help here, but a low newspaperman friend with the right connections promised to pass the word along. "The boys will get in touch if they think it's all right," he said.

The next morning the phone rang. A voice said: "Come on down to the Coffee Shop."

There were only a few people in the Coffee Shop of the little North Side hotel where I was staying. I didn't know who the contact was, so I picked up some coffee and cheesecake and parked at a table. In a minute a fat, middle-aged little man who had been studying a *Racing Form* through a magnifying glass

(Continued on page 44)

SHERIFF

The Paintings of Ivan Albright

"They were but flesh.

"His portraits looked as though their subjects had been removed from newly opened graves . . ."

"Men and women whose decaying souls are expressed through putrescent flesh . . ."

"Gaiety grown moldy . . . the piteously human."

"Painted with pigments which resemble a mixture of prune and violet juice."

"Like a cartographer who might attempt to record every minute undulation of the earth's crust."

"A repelled fascination for cracks, pores, hairs and wrinkles . . . the dank odor, the long biblical-sounding titles, and the despairing humanity which looks out of the eyes of even his most raddled figures are entirely his own . . ."

"Corrosive greens, metallic blues and leaden grays . . . a veritable witches' brew of a palette."

"The pictures of Ivan La Lorraine Albright fall into the same category as Poe's tales of horror; there is a frightful fascination about them."

BY DOROTHY BRIDAHAM

photographs by Richard J. Brittain

An intensely personal vision like Ivan Le Lorraine Albright's is bound to be the subject of controversy. It seems inevitable that it will take the average citizen forty or fifty years to catch up with it. None of us enjoys being upset; we have to get used to things before we like them, and the paintings of Ivan Albright do take a

wind that passeth away"

bit of getting used to. They are upsetting, as the criticism quoted opposite testifies.

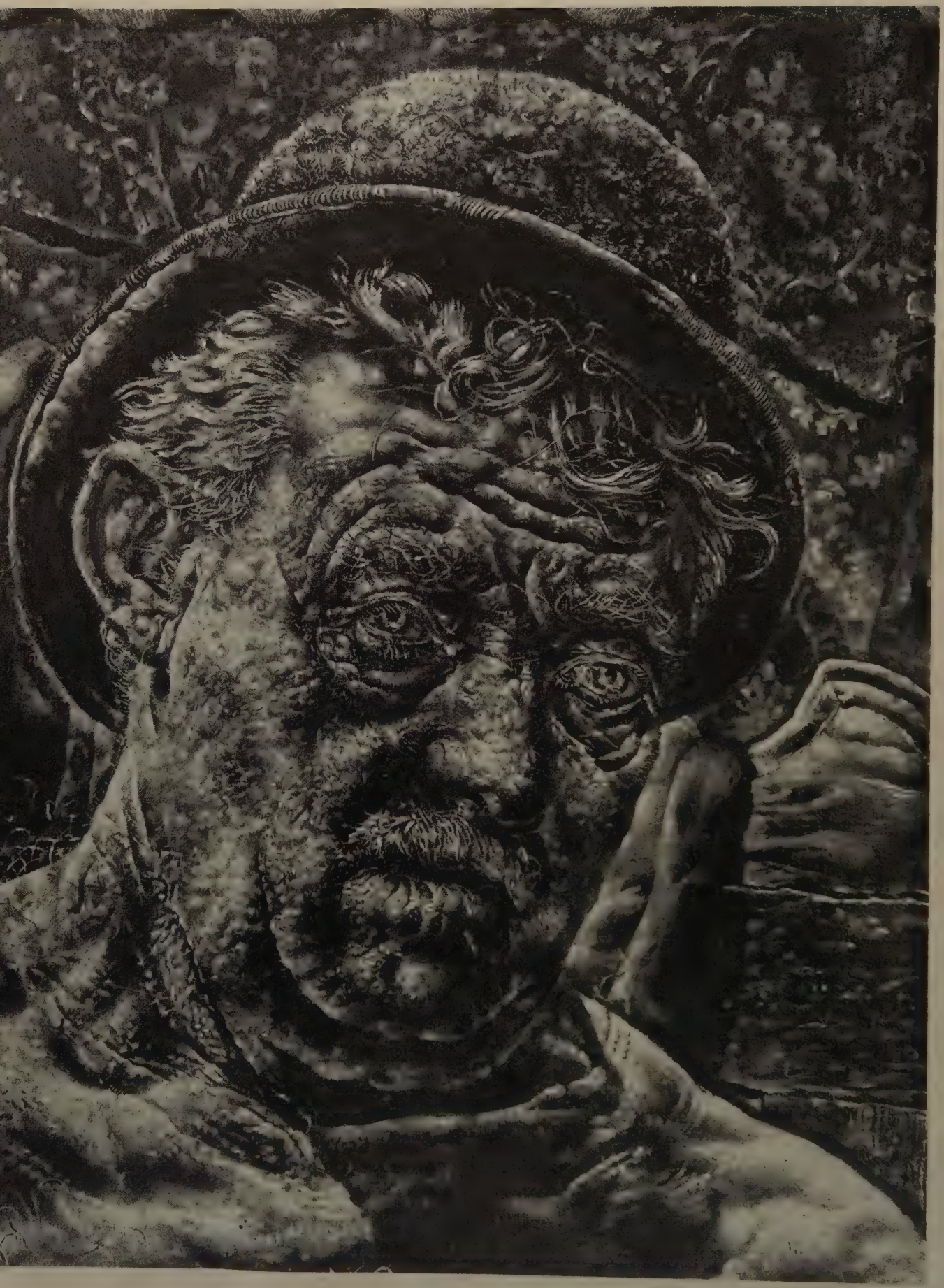
In this day of the prize-accoladed doodles of painters like Jackson Pollock, Baziotes, and Hans Hofmann, when even an abstraction by Braque looks old-fashioned, it is curious that a realist like Ivan Albright should cause such consternation. His microscopic attention to detail, everything seen as tho in an enlarging glass, has pigeon-holed him variously as a super-realist or as a magic realist. The subjects gloomy, the technique exasperated, the colors for the most part in a minor key, these paintings appal a public which finds release in the sun-bathed radiance of the French Impressionists of the 19th century.

What does this artist say with his phenomenal technique, his exaggerated eye painting, with his infinite care and endless patience? Under the patina of youth he sees age, beyond life, death. In the paradox that is his work, the living become understudies for death and the still lifes, due to his secret manipulation of perspective, become viable in their frames. Even tho many people are repelled by the scarred and battered men and women he depicts, by the exhausting complications of his still lifes, his monumental work is gradually finding its place in the outstanding collections of this country.

The Art Institute of Chicago owns *Into the World There Came a Soul Called Ida, Heavy the Oar to Him Who Is Tired, Heavy the Coat, Heavy the Sea* and *Ah, God – Herrings, Buoys and the Glittering Sea. That Which I Should Have Done I Did Not Do* is on loan there (at the moment it is one of a group of American pictures touring Europe

The Albright twins, Ivan and Malvin, who appear in the 1897 photo on the opposite page as babies, are shown above a half-century later painting The Portrait of Dorian Gray in their Hollywood studio.

designed by Elsa Kula



under the auspices of the Museum of Modern Art). In New York the Metropolitan owns *Fleeting Time Thou Hast Left Me Old,* and the Museum of Modern Art has *Woman. Among Those Left* belongs to the Carnegie in Pittsburgh, and a bronze portrait Ivan did of his father is in the permanent collection of the University of Illinois at Urbana. A few fortunate and far-seeing private collectors own important examples, especially notable the *Self-Portrait* in the important group of pictures chosen by Earle and Mary Ludgin of this city. In Riccardo's restaurant Ivan's *Mephistopheles* is one of a series of canvases by different painters, representing the arts, which form a mural behind the bar. His symbolizes the Drama, with the Devil as a bad actor.

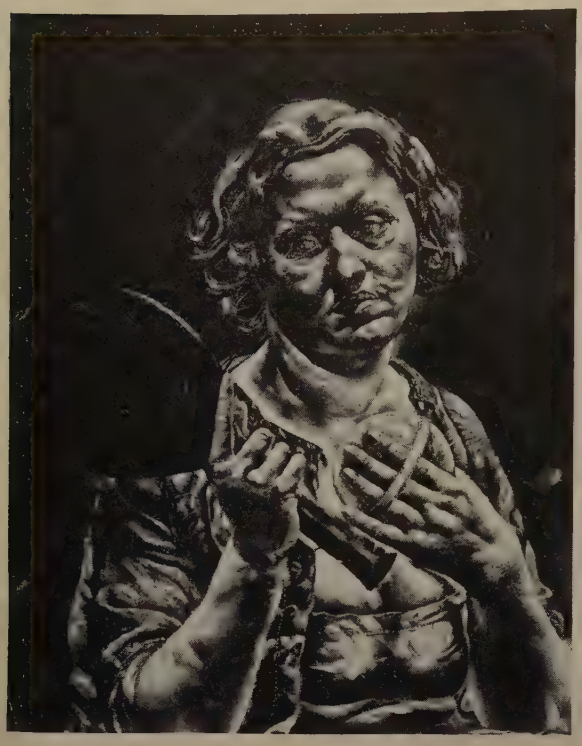
In much of Ivan Albright's work a story is implied but not stated and he leaves it to us to complete. This is especially true of *That Which I Should Have Done I Did Not Do,* a very large canvas, almost eight feet high, of a scratched and battered door on which hangs a funeral wreath. The remorseful soliloquizer of the title quotation seems to be a woman of whom we see only an aged hand, holding a lace handkerchief, reaching across the door's ornate molding. Out of the keyhole curls a vapor of smoke (or is it the soul?). The key in the lock is about to fall out — once that is gone, who will unlock the door, who will solve man's mortality?

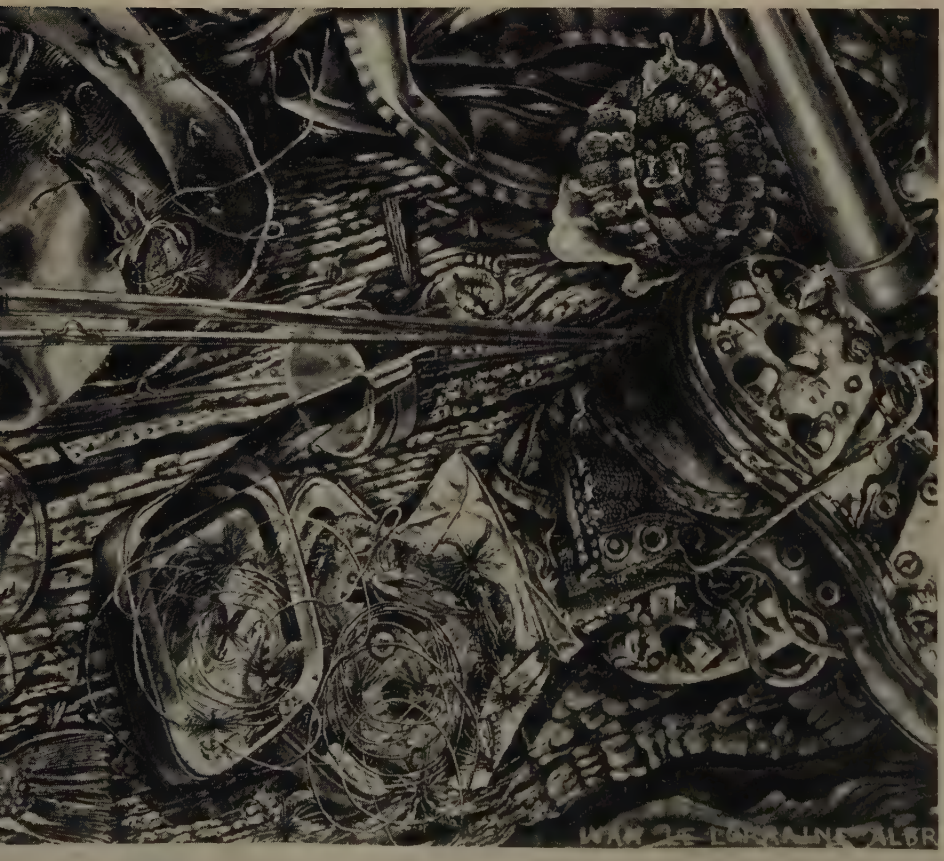
A morality play could certainly be written on the theme suggested by *The Door;* a true anecdote bears this out. While Ivan and his twin brother Malvin, also a painter, were in Hollywood working on the paintings for *The Picture of Dorian Gray,* they sent for *The Door* and it hung for a while in the office of Al Lewin, an MGM executive. A certain Hollywood celebrity saw it and was so affected by it that she sent her lover away the next day — her husband was in the hospital with heart trouble.

For those not philosophically inclined nor literary-minded, the sheer wonder of the painting and the uniqueness of the conception is enough to occupy them for a while. Ivan likes to multiply difficulties for himself. Explaining the fantastically exhaustive painting of the bricks in his current project, he says: "You have to have a little ambition . . ." Known so far only as *The Window,* this canvas no doubt will bear a longer and more poetic title when it is finished. Conceived in 1942 as an elaborate setting for a self-portrait, this assignment proved too complicated even for Ivan and the elaborate setup was eventually carefully moved (every brick had to be numbered) from his Warrenville studio to the studio he now maintains on Ogden avenue. Through a window in a brick wall we see a room in wild disorder, bottles lying on the floor, an overturned oil lamp, and, reaching across the sill, a bleeding female hand clutching a strand of hair.

Ivan has always used people and materials at hand: since his first academic efforts, right out of school, he has painted real people in their everyday clothes, not dressed-up professional models. The man in oilskins was a Mexican fisherman; the lineman had worked for the telephone company; the wheelwright had been a blacksmith, and so on; when in Maine he painted landscapes and arrangements of fish, floats and lobster pots.

For 13 months Ivan looked hard at George and put it all down. Details from the painting of George shown here are the head and hand. The coarse lining of George's undershirt was an achievement in patience and virtuosity. From the artist's collection.





Now during his summers on a ranch in Wyoming he paints Western gear – saddles, cinches, spurs, six-shooters and the paraphernalia of trout-fishing. All of these people and things bear the imprint of their history – like *The Door* they are scarred by their accidents and afflictions. His titles, with their solemn Biblical rhythms, are full of implications of doom.

What may have started out as a succession of individual portraits has developed into an epic of grandiose proportions; his studies of men in their various capacities constitute a magnificent series of workmen: the lineman, the sculptor, the monk, the blacksmith, the cattle handler, the fisherman, the teamster. And the "girls" – *Flesh, Woman,* and *Ida,* and *Three Love Birds* – are formidable looking creatures, female bastions stormed by an unpitying male eye. *The Door* and *The Window,* with their spine-chilling overtones, and the Western still life combine obsessive textural documentation with a dynamic and original use of perspective.

Ivan Albright's patience matches his skill; his hand, his vision. For years he made his own charcoal and ground his own colors. He sizes his own canvas. So long and exhaustively does he work on his paintings that, when they are finished, he no longer wants to hang them in his house nor see them around. Consider thirteen months spent on *George,* nine years on *The Door;* the present painting of *The Window,* begun in 1942, is still in progress.

The collection of the properties is a lengthy and exacting process. Their very poverty and wretchedness speak of human intimacy and suffering, far from the shiny perfection of something new and machinemade. For *Room 203,* otherwise known as *And Man Created God in His Own Image,* he borrowed his model's bed, as well as his derby, and himself steamed paper off the hallway of the Warrenville church for the background. The artificial funeral wreath for *The Door* was purchased from a florist for five dollars; Ivan thought it too symmetrical and made him do it over. In Aurora Ivan found the carved plaster molding; the threshold was a ground-down tombstone.

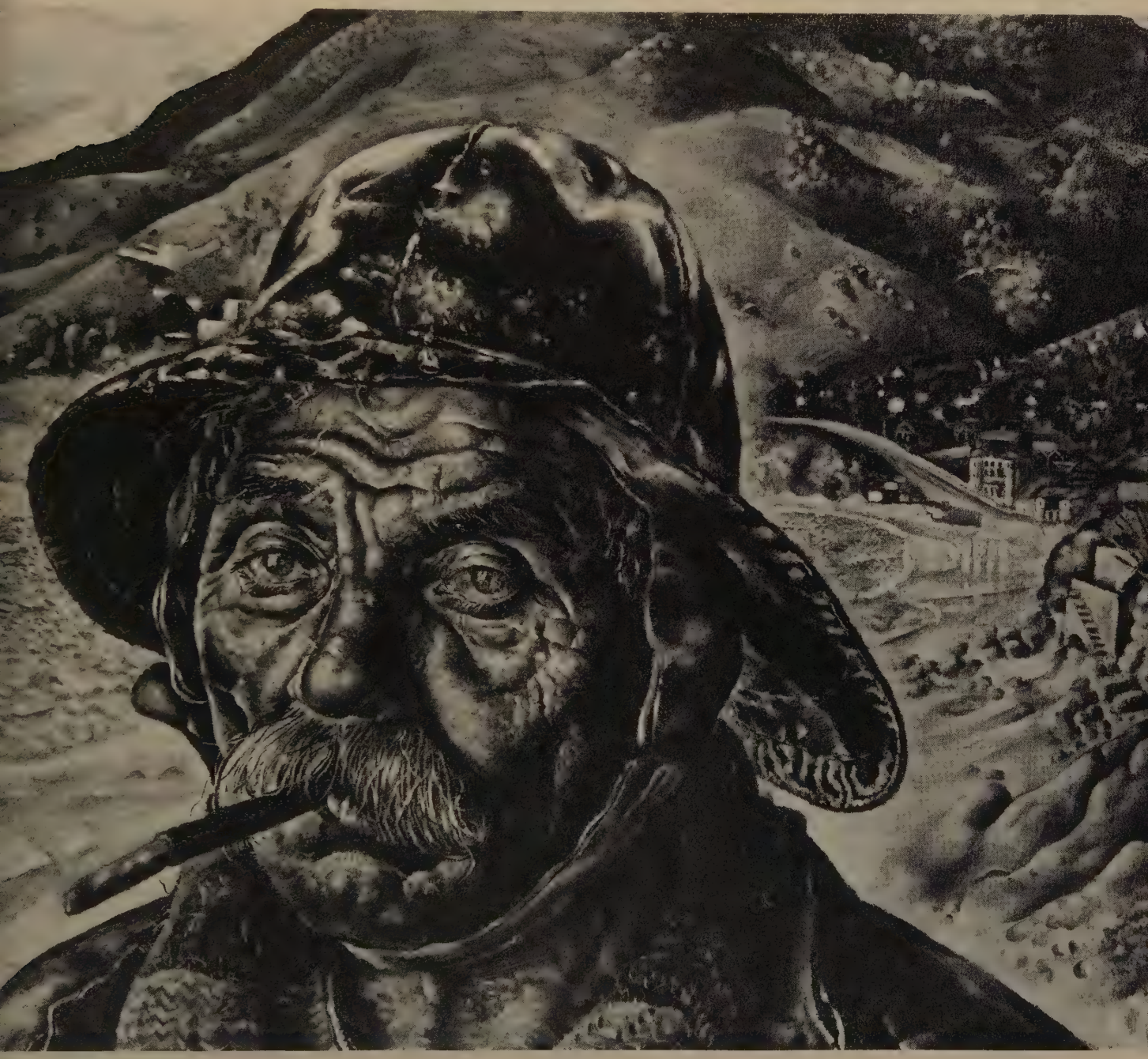
In *The Wild Bunch,* one of his Western still lifes, all the objects he painted belonged to desperadoes who had been in the "pen." Each of the old bricks in *The Window* was carefully selected from a brick pile in Aurora; the baby shoe next to the whiskey flask was found on an ash heap in Warrenville, the "buckeye with a hole" was discovered in

Geneva, the mirror came from Maxwell street, and the costumes and corset had belonged to his mother.

For *The Purist* (a purist is a dry-fly fisherman) he cut a hole in the favorite hat of one of America's best trout fishermen, kept the red woolen socks wet, and preserved the trout for the entire summer by regularly putting them back in the deep freeze after every painting session. One evening he was in the ranch-house kitchen and saw the cook beginning to prepare some fish for din-

(Continued on page 40)

Detail of Ida, top left; flies and leaders in cellophane box from The Purist, below left; the aged fisherman of Heavy the Oar . . . , below. The Purist is in the artist's collection; the others in the Art Institute of Chicago.



A memoir of the home-brew era.

By James A. Maxwell

Illustrated by George McVicker

"To the malt

For a number of years after prohibition forced the closing of his saloon on the West Side, Grandfather maintained a disdainful attitude toward the alcoholic concoctions bought or made by his friends. He regarded the illicit liquor that flowed freely in our city as a definite threat to life, and the home-manufactured beer as an insult to a palate that had known only the best products of middle-western breweries.

Possibly the fact that he had had the foresight to take personal possession of much of his saloon's whiskey stock before the nation went dry enabled him to be more discriminating than his fellow citizens. In any case, he steadfastly refused to share anyone else's bottle even when the owner was a friend who gave assurance the whiskey had been personally smuggled over the Canadian border; I can only guess at the number of acquaintances he offended with his comments

about their own efforts as brewmasters.

Grandfather was a man of medium height with an erect, military carriage There was some evidence about his belt-line of the beer that had been a part of his daily diet for many years but in comparison with other saloon owners of his era, his figure was svelte. His hair was bluish-white and he kept it closely cropped to his scalp so that from a distance he looked as though he were wearing a skull cap. He was a high-spirited and gregarious man who had been thoroly enamored of the genial, informal atmosphere of his saloon. The advent of prohibition changed his social life as much as it did his business activity.

By carefully husbanding his stock, Grandfather managed to maintain his standards until the fall of 1923. At a family gathering in October of that year the final bottle was opened and finished. Grandfather's face was thoughtful as he poured the last drink — for himself — and deposited the bottle in the wastebasket. He emptied the shot glass into his mouth, swallowed slowly and then took a sip from a tumbler of water. He looked askance at the glass of water as he put it down. "Andrew Volstead," he said bitterly.

The next few weeks were trying for Grandfather less, I think, because of the absence of liquor itself than because of the change of his routine. As far back as I can remember, he had always had three drinks each evening while he read the evening paper. Before prohibition he had drunk two glasses of bourbon and a bottle of beer; after 1918 he substituted an extra whisky for the beer. For some time after his supply had given out he would absentmindedly get out of his chair, start for the sideboard where he had kept his bottle, halt halfway across the room, turn abruptly on his heel and return to his chair. Occasionally he would mutter to himself in Gaelic. For the first time in the family's collective memory, he was consistently short-tempered.

The immediate family was living in close proximity at the time — my aunt and uncle on the second floor of my grandparents' two-family house and my pa: nts and I next door — so all of us had a day-to-day view of Grandfather's discomfiture. Various means were tried to get him to adapt himself to the new era — even prescription-procured bottle-in-bond was offered — but he was firm.

The first step in his capitulation took place in February, 1924. My grandparents and my aunt and uncle were at our home one Saturday evening and soon after they arrived, my father went into the kitchen and came back proudly bearing five glasses of beer. "A little experiment I thought I'd try," he said modestly as he passed the glasses to all the adults except Grandfather. Grandfather snorted but he didn't say anything.

add hops"

"Are you making beer here in the house?" my Grandmother asked in some alarm. Grandmother had often worried about the possibility of prohibition agents arresting Grandfather during the period before his supply gave out. Even though he had assured her that his possession of the liquor was completely legal, she had become uneasy each time the newspaper had recounted a raid. Apparently my father's activities gave her new cause for concern.

"I just tried making a few bottles," Father said. "I wanted to see how it would come out."

"But it's against the law," Grandmother said.

Everyone laughed. "Don't worry," my uncle said. "The whole town's making home-brew these days."

"Well, let's see how it is," Father said. "I haven't tried it myself yet."

Everyone took a drink. "Not bad. Not bad at all," my uncle said approvingly as he put down his glass and stared thoughtfully at the ceiling.

Grandmother nodded. "It doesn't taste like the Moerlein's we used to sell," Grandmother said, "but it's cold and nice."

I spent most of the evening on the sofa alternately reading and annoying our dog while the adults played poker. Father made regular trips to the kitchen for additional bottles. Enthusiasm for his beer mounted in direct ratio to the amount consumed. Grandfather had little to say but he looked more and more annoyed as the critical acclaim mounted. Finally when my uncle said something about the foam having almost the consistency of commercially made beer, Grandfather spoke. "It looks kind of cloudy to me," he said.

My mother's and Grandmother's eyes met. "Why don't you try a glass and see what you think," Mother said to Grandfather.

Grandfather glowered as though he were going to make a sharp reply. Then he glanced around the room at the others holding their glasses and he hesitated before he spoke. "Maybe I'll try a sip of your mother's," he said in a low voice.

Grandmother passed him her glass. He looked dubiously at it for several moments and then took a drink. He make a wry face as though he had tasted vinegar. "It's worse than I had imagined," he said as he quickly handed the glass back to Grandmother. He looked at father accusingly. "You used too much hops," he said. "Your malt is just plain bad and you used enough sugar to make lemonade. Also, the yeast feels as though it were sticking to my teeth."

Father looked crestfallen. "Well," he said defensively, "It's just my first attempt."

"Maybe if you were to filter it, you'd take most of the yeast out," Grandfather said.

"It might help," father agreed.

"Then, if you were to age it more and use your hops with some discretion," Grandfather said, "you might get rid of some of the harshness."

"I don't know anything about it," father said. "I just followed the directions one of the fellows at the office gave me."

"What kind of equipment do you have?" Grandfather asked.

Father shoved his chair back from the table. "It isn't mine; I just borrowed it. But why don't you come down to the basement and take a look," he said.

Grandfather glanced quickly around the table. Then he rose. "Deal us out of this one," he said to my aunt. During the interruption Mother noticed that I was still on the sofa. I was ordered to bed and the dog was put outside.

The following Saturday afternoon father brought Grandfather and uncle home in his car. I was in my grandparents' home when the three men entered, each carrying a huge crock filled with packages. Grandmother and I followed them to the basement where they unwrapped the bundles.

"To the malt add hops"

Besides the crocks they had bought rubber tubing, a bottle capper, filters, bags of hops, cans of malt, bottle crowns, brushes and other paraphernalia. While my father and uncle went out to the car to get the supply of bottles, Grandfather stacked the supplies neatly on a long table. When he had finished, he looked at them proudly. "Mary," he said to my Grandmother, "we're in business."

Grandmother looked at the imposing array nervously. "Jim Dunican," she said firmly, "you're not going to turn our basement into a brewery. It's against the law."

"No, it isn't," Grandfather said soothingly."Maybe the police wouldn't like it if we had a still but who cares if we make a little beer for our own use. All three families are going to work together."

"I won't sleep a wink knowing that stuff's down here," Grandmother said as she climbed the stairs.

The following evening, an ex-brewmaster whom Grandfather had known for many years called at my grandparents' home. My father and uncle, along with my grandfather, had been awaiting the visitor and almost as soon as he arrived all the men went to the basement. I was permitted to accompany them on the promise that I would sit quietly and ask no questions.

Grandfather and the former brewmaster did the actual work while my father and uncle observed from their seats on orange crates. Two of Grandmother's huge open kettles – heretofore used exclusively in canning season – were utilized for cooking the ingredients on the small laundry stove. The hops were placed in a muslin sack and suspended like a tea bag in one container that had been partially filled with water. The malt was cooked in the other caldron. From time to time the expert used Grandmother's candy thermometer to determine the temperature of the liquids and Father made notes on a slip of paper of the desired degrees of heat as voiced by the brewmaster. Finally, when the concoctions had been cooked for the proper time, they were combined in the new crocks, several cakes of yeast were broken up and added and one of Grandmother's discarded bedspreads used as a cover. Afterwards the men went upstairs and drank some of my father's beer and made predictions about the improvements that could be expected with the new methods.

Two weeks later the entire family with the exception of Grandmother gathered in my grandparents' basement to bottle the beer. Grandmother flatly refused to have anything to do with such a flagrant violation of the law, possibly on the theory that one member of the family should be free to raise bond in case of arrest.

Grandfather had an assignment for each of us. My uncle and aunt worked at the laundry tubs, Uncle washing out the bottles with a long, cylindrical brush and my aunt rinsing them with a mechanism that shot a geyser of water when the bottle mouth was placed over a nozzle. I was next on the production line with a funnel, measuring spoon and a pan of sugar. It was my responsibility to place exactly one-half teaspoon of sugar in each bottle. Mother was next. She operated the siphoning hose that ran from the crock to where she sat on a small stool. The hose was equipped with a clamp that controlled the flow of beer. When she had filled a bottle, thru a filter, of course, she passed it on to my father who put on the crown with a hand capper.

As soon as we became accustomed to our various jobs the system worked with amazing efficiency. When Grand-

father, who acted as foreman, was satisfied with our performances, he began cooking another batch of beer. Before long the air of the clean, newly whitewashed basement was rich with the odors of hops and malt.

The setting was ideal for pleasant, informal family conversation. None of the tasks required much concentration and the time was spent discussing personal affairs, politics, the movies and other matters of interest. About nine o'clock, Grandmother brought down a large plate of sandwiches and some coffee. She looked unhappily at the mounting array of bottles next to my father but she didn't make any comment. After a while she drifted into the general party atmoshere and even took part in a spirited argument between my mother and aunt over the relative histrionic abilities of Vilma Banky and Clara Bow. About ten o'clock the job was finished, the bottles were divided into three lots, one for each family, and after we said good night, my aunt and uncle and parents and I carried our portions to our respective homes.

Monday evenings in my grandparents' basement became a family institution after that first experiment. Along with the feeling of accomplishment that the sessions gave, they provided an opportunity to discuss and dispose of clan problems and, to a small degree, to enjoy the flounting of a despised law. The three women took turns providing the lunch, and my uncle, who had once been a baritone in a professional minstrel show, organized us into a chorus to lighten our labors with song. "The Robert E. Lee" was considered our best number.

The beer itself received more acclaim than my family probably felt. At least part of each Monday evening was devoted to comparing our product with that made by friends. Invariably ours was found superior. The consistency of our high rating did not mean that Grandfather and the others did not try for improvement. In spite of the filters mother used, there was always a quarter-inch of yeast at the bottom of each bottle and a relentless, tho futile, battle was carried on against the condition. From time to time the amount of sugar was varied and Grandfather made endless experiments with hops and malt on the laundry stove.

Grandmother was the only member of the group who had any reservations about the advisability of the project. Since her tribal feeling was strong, she was probably happy about anything that brought the family closer together. On the other hand, she frequently voiced her worry about the indiscriminate bragging indulged in by her husband, daughters and sons-in-law, all of whom discussed our domestic brewery with anyone who showed the slightest interest.

All of Grandmother's fears seemed horribly realized one Saturday afternoon in September 1924. It was a rainy day and I was shooting wooden bullets from a spring-operated revolver at a pillow on Grandmother's sofa when the doorbell rang. The doorbell rang again, this time more urgently. She started for the curtained glass-paneled door and then stopped abruptly as she saw who was standing on the porch. "Mother of God," she said in a stricken voice. Then she ran to the bedroom were Grandfather was taking a nap.

"Jim Jim!" she cried in a low panic-filled voice. "Get up! Keep him here as long as you can." She hurried back into the living room and whispered hoarsely to me, "Stay away from that door until your Grandfather gets here." Then she disappeared into the kitchen and I heard her going down the basement steps.

Grandfather came out of the bedroom looking sleepy and fretful. "What the hell's the matter here?" he said.

"Somebody's at the door," I told him.

Grandfather shook his head, went to the front door and opened it. "Hello, Jim," a booming voice said. "For a minute I thought nobody was home."

"Hi, Tom," Grandfather said. "Come on in. I was just taking a little nap."

A huge, red-faced policeman in a rubber coat, shiny black with rain, entered the room and took off his cap. "Just wanted to talk to you about the Knights of St. John party at the Armory," he said. "Where do you want me to put this wet thing?" he asked, indicating his raincoat.

"Just drape it over the chair by the door," Grandfather said. "It can't hurt anything there."

After the officer had shed his coat, Grandfather introduced me to him. The policeman took my hand into his enormous palm and looked at the gun I had stuck into my belt. "This ain't one of them gangsters out of Cicero, is he?" he said to Grandfather.

Grandfather laughed. "No," he said, "he's as law-abiding as the rest of us." He glanced out into the kitchen. "You don't know my wife, do you, Tom? She was around here just a minute ago."

"She went down to the basement," I said. For the first time we became conscious of the sound of rapid clinking of bottles downstairs. Grandfather blinked his eyes for a moment as though recalling the conversation that had awakened him. Then he looked at the policeman. "Good God," he said, "I have to stop her." And he turned and made a rush toward the basement stairs.

The officer and I stared at each other in bewilderment for a moment and then with a common impulse followed Grandfather. We were halfway down the stairs where we heard him wail. "He's a friend of mine, Mary. He's a friend of mine."

We understood the plea when we reached the bottom of the steps and could see what was going on. Grandmother stood at the laundry tubs with an open quart bottle of beer in each hand pouring the contents down the drain. At her feet were at least a dozen empty bottles and four or five full ones. Only pure fright could have driven her to such an inadequate attempt to destroy the evidence for on the shelf at the opposite end of the basement were at least fifty or sixty unopened bottles remaining.

Grandmother didn't react to Grandfather's words and he reached around her and took the bottles from her hand. "It's Tom Bissinger," Grandfather said loudly. "He's just making a call."

Grandmother finally turned away from the tubs in a kind of trance. She looked at the officer with glazed eyes. "How do you do, Mr. Bissinger," she said in a perfect hostess' voice. Then her lower lip began to tremble and her eyes filled with tears. "You nasty prohibitionist snooper," she sobbed.

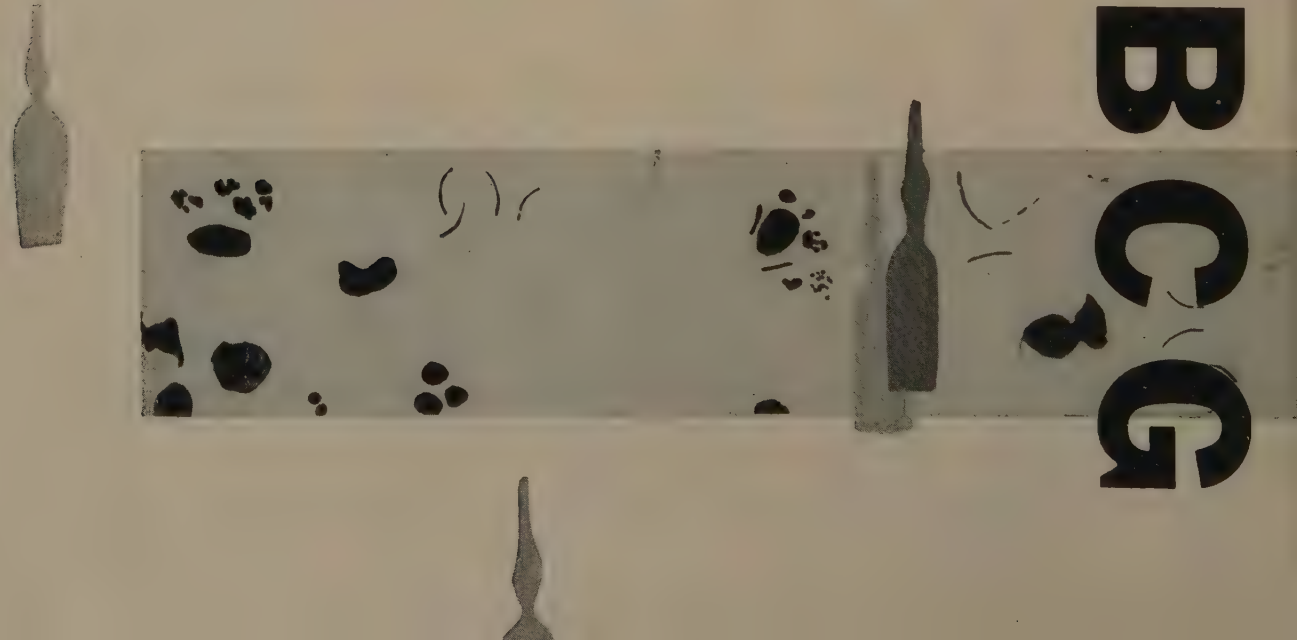
Grandmother went to bed for the rest of the day and didn't even get up to have dinner with Grandfather. He came over to our house for the meal and talked worriedly about the possibility of a nervous shock. He needn't have been concerned, however. Grandmother was feeling fine the next day, although she seemed more reckless than I had ever seen her before. "I don't care if you run a still or sell opium," she told Grandfather while Mother and I were present. "Even a real arrest couldn't be as bad as those five minutes I was alone in the basement."

Monday evening she helped Grandfather with the brewing. He was, as usual, discussing means of improving the beer. "A lady down at the store told me," Grandmother said, "that if you put your hops in a metal container with holes in it, you don't get any taste of muslin."

Grandfather turned to the others and nodded his head slowly. "We might try that next week," he said. "We might just try that."

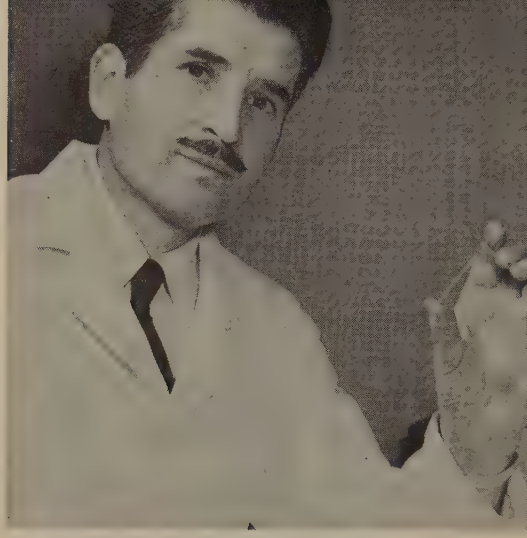
Children of St. Hedwig's Home get BCG vaccination to prevent TB. This kind of vaccination is painless but the girl second from right has her fingers crossed anyway.

The friendly bacillus of west Harrison street



By Maurice English

Designed by Louis Matis



The tube Dr. Sol Roy Rosenthal is holding contains enough BCG to protect one person from tuberculosis.

for a killer

Most Americans think of tuberculosis as a disease that has been conquered by modern medicine. Nearly all laymen — and a surprising number of doctors — suppose that, except in a few slum areas, the White Plague no longer offers much to worry about.

We couldn't be more wrong.

The fact is that this country has failed to do a real job against TB: it remains fourth in the list of killing diseases. Our failure is all the more amazing because the weapon is at hand — already used in more than 75 million vaccinations thruout the world. It is licensed for distribution by the U. S. Public Health Service, and costs only 20¢ a dose. Yet it remains unfamiliar even to many doctors, who know little more than its name and hardly anything of its spectacular career.

The bacillus of Calmette and Guerin (BCG) was first proved safe and successful as a vacci-

nation to prevent human tuberculosis in 1921, and since then a handful of dedicated researchers have kept improving it. Now, in six leading nations vaccination against TB is compulsory for all newborn babies, and five more countries have a BCG program for people of every age. But in the United States its use is still limited to a few small trial groups; only one of the 48 states has anything approaching a full program.

Ironically, the scientist who has accomplished a major part of the improvement of the vaccine is an American, Sol Roy Rosenthal, who brought the bacillus here from France in 1934. In the 20 years since, he has worked with it (at the University of Illinois, Chicago Municipal TB Sanitarium, Cook County hospital and the Research Foundation) and has now perfected a form of BCG which remains effective for six to twelve months, and a new and simpler method of vaccination. The Research Foundation was set up in 1947 by a group of distinguished laymen and physicians to promote the vaccine. It's been an uphill job.

This country's apathy about BCG may rest chiefly on the general acceptance of the myth that tuberculosis has been "conquered" here. Of course, tuberculosis does not afflict one-quarter of the population now, as it did in colonial times and still does elsewhere. But it *is* still fourth in the list of fatal diseases, and even this fact disguises, instead of revealing, the full extent of its menace, in our own country and right now.

For among those diseases that attack people in the prime of life, tuberculosis is not number four, but number one. It afflicts more Americans between the ages of 18 and 45 — and kills more of them — than cancer, heart disease, or anything else. It incapacitates more people for longer periods than anything else, and it does this just when they should be at their productive best, and when they have the heaviest family obligations. It involves a loss of 2 billion man-hours a year, and eats up $300,000,000 (mostly tax funds) in the care of patients. Some 30,000 people die of TB annually in the United States, and it is estimated that 1,000,000 have it in active form — though only half of these are diagnosed. There is no proof that the incidence of TB is on the decline, and in some big centers of population, like this one, it is not only "disgracefully high," according to the Public Health Service, but actually on the increase. In Chicago in 1952 there were 2,515 known deaths from tuberculosis; in 1953 Chicago TB deaths increased to 3,047. The local death rate from TB for children under 5 years old, alone, has increased in the past few years until it is now one death a week.

The notion that this is the best we can do, 72 years after it was discovered that tuberculosis is a communicable — and therefore preventable — disease, is one Dr. Rosenthal and other BCG pioneers cannot accept. Tuberculosis, they believe, should no longer exist. And together with the highly developed case-finding and treatment methods now in use, BCG vaccination can make tuberculosis as rare as cholera or leprosy. European doctors since the early Twenties have been making this claim, which American doctors have been mostly questioning, about the bacillus of Calmette and Guerin.

Leon Charles Albert Calmette was a pupil of Pasteur, and had applied the master's methods to the study of Asiatic cholera, tuberculosis and other plagues in the French colonies, before he was called back to France early in this century to work in the Pasteur Institute. In cooperation with a research veterinarian named Guerin, Calmette set to work at a task on which many laboratory giants had already failed — to find a method of inoculating against tuberculosis. In 1908, after a number of false starts, these two Frenchmen began work with a strain of tubercle bacillus taken from the udder of a diseased cow. Their object was to keep the strain alive from one generation to another, in such a way that its virulence would be weakened. Then, they hoped, it — like the vaccination against smallpox — would stimulate the body to build resistance against the disease, without itself doing any damage at all.

It took thirteen painstaking years before the tubercle culture was weakened sufficiently — years in which the two doctors passed the bacillus through many generations, keeping it alive on a glycerine-bile-potato medium, and tested it first on

These ampules contain powdered BCG, processed so it will keep for six months to a year. In this form, BCG can now be sent to remote areas.

calves and then on guinea pigs. Much of the basic work was done in Lille during the first World War, under the suspicious eyes of the German army, which was not sure that these Frenchmen were not up to some crude experiment in biological warfare. But they stayed at it, and in 1921 Calmette announced that BCG had become a permanently non-virulent culture, capable of giving human beings a high degree of immunity from tuberculosis, and that it had been given successfully to a number of infants in Paris and elsewhere.

On the basis of these developments, BCG inoculations were on the verge of becoming standard practice in the more advanced countries of Europe. Then a catastrophe occurred which all but wiped the vaccine from the annals of medicine.

In Lubeck, Germany, where a culture of BCG had been received from the Pasteur Institute, 249 infants were vaccinated in 1930. During the year, 73 of them died of tuberculosis.

The scandal exploded into a criminal investigation, with nasty political overtones between France and Germany. Of course, it stopped vaccination with BCG overnight. But to the honor of German science and law, an exhaustive investigation publicly vindicated the French scientists and their vaccine. The infants who had died had been given, thru carelessness, a virulent strain of tubercle bacilli brought in to the Lubeck laboratory from Kiel.

The technicians responsible for the fatal error in the Lubeck case went to jail. BCG, however, remained on the black books of medicine almost everywhere. When Calmette died in 1933, his own faith in his vaccine was unshaken, but the old man may well have closed his eyes with the heartbroken fear that its usefulness was at an end. So it might have been, except for the persistence of men like Konrad Birkhaug in Norway and Rosenthal in the U. S. Even so, it took nearly two decades for this life-saving discovery to recover from the suspicion cast on it by a careless selection of bottles in the Lubeck laboratory. But by the end of these two decades, over 75 million BCG vaccinations had been given, without a single case on record of its doing harm. Relatively few of these vaccinations were given in the U. S., but here other work was being done which vitally improved BCG for the role it has to play in the fight against disease.

Sol Roy Rosenthal was born in Russia and came here at five. At 50, his appearance suggests an apple cheeked lad, and he has the sharp glance and restrained gesture sometimes noticeable in biological scientists: a manner rather like that of a bird watcher in a blind. (His outdoor pleasure is not bird watching, but fox hunting). He has spent 20 years of concentrated research on the improvement of BCG.

Fresh out of the University of Illinois medical school, Rosenthal was in Germany on a research fellowship in the early Thirties, when he received a letter from Dr. Frederick Tice, a leader in the struggle against tuberculosis in Chicago. The letter advised Rosenthal to forget whatever line of study he had opened up, and see what Calmette and Guerin were up to at the Pasteur Institute. Rosenthal acted on this suggestion, and stayed until Calmette's death. Then, in 1934, he left Paris for home, taking with him a culture of the vaccine. He was much astonished to find himself and his bacilli suspiciously detained by the customs officials at Ellis Island: there is a law against importing disease germs. The young doctor finally cleared his germs thru customs after Dr. William H. Park, a noted bacteriologist who had also worked with BCG, interceded for him.

Rosenthal rushed his precious vaccine to Chicago, where he has since, with other researchers, brought thru the 992nd generation in direct descent from the original virulent bacilli taken from Calmette's and Guerin's tubercular cow.

In the years since his return, Rosenthal and his colleagues have gone on studying – and improving – the BCG strain. His research has had two chief aims: to produce a vaccine that would remain potent over long periods, and to simplify the mechanical process of vaccination.

As developed in France, and used by most foreign doctors, the tuberculosis vaccine is taken direct from a culture of BCG and has to be used within ten days; after that, it loses its potency. This can be a drawback to its widespread use.

One of the peculiarities of the tubercle bacillus – and one reason why a cure for the disease has proved so elusive – is its "shell." The organism lives encased in a capsule which most drugs are unable to penetrate (those which do are apt to damage the host in which the bacillus is lodged, too). However, Rosenthal found a method of takthe advantage of this fact – he deepfreezes and dries the BCG without destroying its shell, so that it stays alive and potent for six to twelve months. This development led to government licensing of BCG for use by physicians, and on July 12, 1950, the Research Foundation and the University of Illinois were licensed by the Public Health Service

for manufacture, international distribution and sale of BCG.

Rosenthal had previously developed what is now the preferred method of administering the vaccine. This is done by scattering it in liquid or powdered form on the arm, or any suitable area of the body, and then rubbing it thru the skin with an instrument which he invented. The vaccination occurs thru numerous tiny punctures, is relatively painless, and leaves no scar.

While this work was going on in Chicago, a 15-year test of BCG, one of the most scrupulous and convincing on record, was being carried out elsewhere. Dr. Philip Aronson of the U.S. Bureau of Indian Affairs, headed a field team which in 1935 began administering BCG vaccine to Indians, who are pathetically susceptible to TB, in 15 reservations scattered from Arizona to Alaska. In three years, 1,551 Indians were vaccinated, while 1,457 were left unvaccinated, as "controls." Last year, after 15 years of observation, it was found that there were 65 deaths among the non-vaccinated, but only 12 among those who had been vaccinated.

These results were paralleled by Rosenthal in some tests in the slum areas of Chicago (where 1500 cases of advanced tuberculosis are known to be walking the streets – infecting others while coughing themselves into their graves). The statistics were particularly encouraging in a study of some 5,800 babies born at Cook County hospital: in 15 years, Rosenthal found that BCG vaccination caused a 74.5% drop in the number of cases of TB, and *an 88% drop in the number of TB deaths.*

Dr. Herman Bundesen, president of the Chicago board of health, thinks a thoro BCG program (plus the standard methods of sanitation and isolation) could wipe out tuberculosis from the city's South Side in two years, and hopes he will get the facilities to prove it.

In 1949, Dr. Edward J. O'Brien, a noted Detroit chest surgeon, decided that he and his colleagues were working on the wrong end of the line – trying to cure a communicable disease that should not exist – and left on a 75,000-mile odyssey (paid for out of his own pocket) to study the use of BCG around the world. He came back dedicated to a campaign to make the use of BCG as universal as smallpox vaccination. Dr. O'Brien found some of the strongest evidence in Japan.

Overcrowded Japan, with its slums, its poverty and malnutrition, has always been an ideal breeding-place for the tubercle bacillus. Even before the war, Japanese doctors, alarmed by the staggering death rate, had set out to vaccinate as many of their fellow citizens with BCG as they could. But the program was hardly under way before the war interrupted it, and TB remained at large in Japan. In 1945 more people died from tuberculosis in Japan than were killed by two atomic bombs and all our air raids on all their major cities. During the occupation, under Brig. Gen. Crawford F. Sams, head of the army's medical staff, the BCG program was revived and intensified, and vaccinations are now compulsory. The reduction in deaths from TB in Japan has been a sensational 88%.

Reporting on BCG's distinguished service record in Japan, General Sams recently told a meeting of public health officials that "our country should always be in the forefront, and not bringing up the rear, in any field of medicine."

And that, according to Sams, Rosenthal, Aronson, O'Brien, and many other top American doctors, – means vaccination with BCG for babies at birth, and also for that vast majority of older people who are susceptible to tuberculosis. A doctor can tell if a person is resistant to TB by a tuberculin test: if the person has had TB (whether he knew it or not) he will react positively to the test, and is probably immune to the disease; a negative reaction means he may be subject to TB.

Until the vaccination of all negative-reactors becomes practicable, a minimum program for the immediate future should be the vaccination of highly exposed persons: doctors and others who tend TB patients, laboratory personnel who handle the bacillus, dwellers and workers in slum areas and in the southern states where the disease runs high, inmates of institutions, workers in industries with a higher-than-average morbidity, American Indians – and soldiers.

All American soldiers liable to overseas duty should be vaccinated with BCG routinely. The argument for this ties in with a convincing reason why BCG is valuable for Americans, even more than other people. It is advanced with particular emphasis by Dr. Konrad Bloch, one of this country's noted tuberculosis specialists. In previous generations, there was so much tuberculosis around that practically everyone, sooner or later in life, was infected; most people didn't have serious cases, and eventually built up a resistance which made them immune to the disease. But recent sanitary measures and the detection and isolation of individual cases of TB have caused this generation of Americans to have less and less contact with tuberculosis, and therefore less chance to build up immunity.

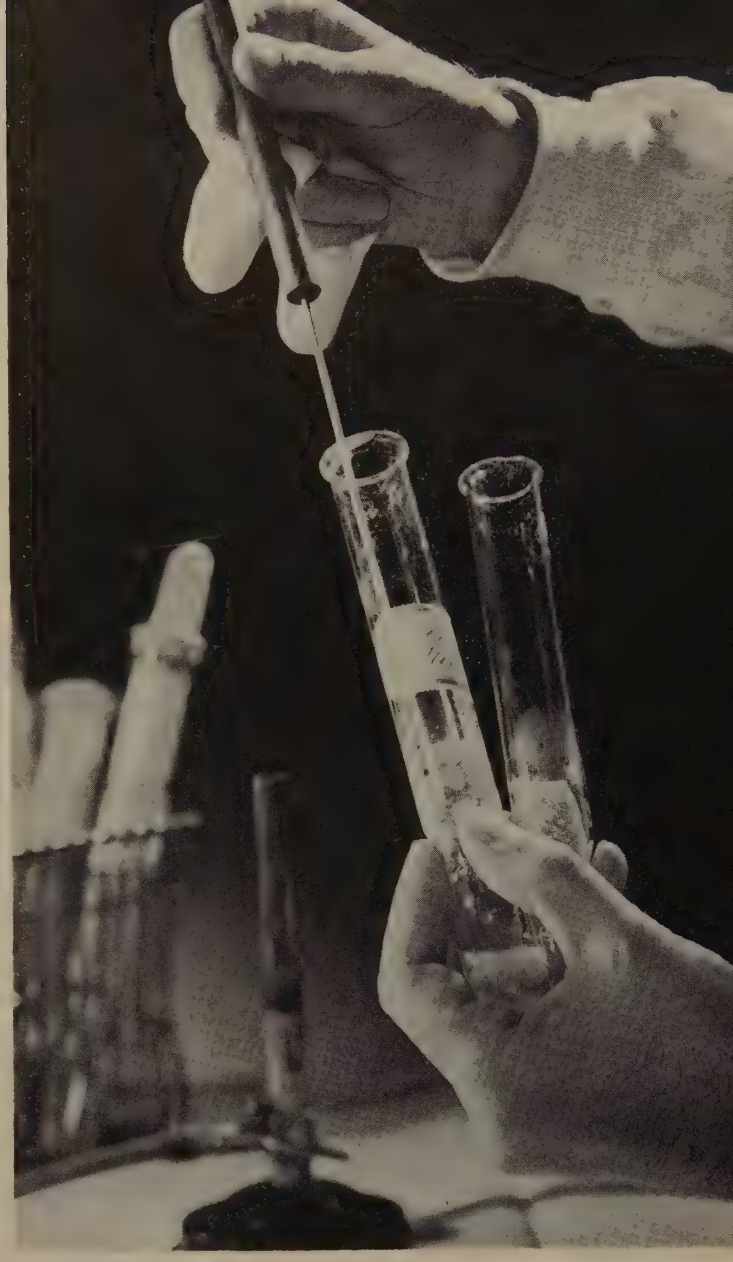
The extreme result would be a population with as little immunity to a really virulent infection as were the Eskimoes and the Hawaiians when they first met the white man — and were decimated in a generation by the plague he carried.

Among these Americans with weakened immunity are hundreds of thousands of youngsters who may in the future be soldiering in precisely those areas of the world where the death rates from tuberculosis are highest: the Middle East and the Orient, for example. A strong case could be made for the vaccination against tuberculosis of all Americans who travel abroad, in whatever capacity.

Meanwhile, what is to be done for the civilian population? Dr. O'Brien battled for, and achieved, a Michigan program that makes BCG vaccination available to every baby born in a hospital in the state, to all highly exposed persons, and to any individual whose request for it is justified by a medical test.

Here, the Research Foundation supplies vaccine to any doctor who requests it, anywhere in the country. The only stipulation is that BCG, which *prevents* TB, must be used in connection with a TB control program providing for people who already have the disease. Progress has begun, and is accelerating. The Bureau of Indian Affairs is using BCG routinely to vaccinate all Indians on reservations. Hospitals are beginning to urge mothers to have their newborn babies vaccinated: BCG for the newborn is now routine at Cook County Hospital. Limited programs to vaccinate the highly exposed are under way in many states — conspicuously New York, Colorado, Georgia, Ohio, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Massachusetts and Alaska. The U.S. Public Health Service has been carrying out a BCG test on the population of Columbus, Ga., which was selected partly because its death rate from TB is close to the nation's average, and which is expected to clinch proof of the vaccine's value for a whole community, not just a segment of it.

So it is hard to doubt that the ball will eventually go over the goal. From everybody's point of of view, the sooner the better. One recognized scientist recently said it: "The use of BCG, plus the established methods of control, should make it possible to wipe out tuberculosis in the United States in one generation. Then we can turn over the TB hospitals and sanitoria to the cancer and mental cases which need them. And we can finally say that a disease as old as civilization, and deadlier than all wars, has been, not 'controlled,' but really wiped out — first in America."



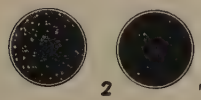
An aging growth of BCG is transferred to a fresh glycerine-bile-potato medium, where a new generation of the bacillus will grow.

why Dial soap protects your complexion even under make-up

Dial clears your complexion by removing blemish-spreading bacteria that other soaps leave on your skin.

No matter how lavishly or sparingly you use cosmetics, when you wash beforehand with Dial, the fresh clearness of your skin is continuously protected *underneath* your make-up.

For mild, fragrant Dial washes away trouble-causing bacteria that other soaps (even the finest) leave on your skin. Dial does this because it contains AT-7, known to science as Hexachlorophene. And there's nothing else as good. It clears the skin of unseen bacteria that often aggravate and spread surface blemishes.



Until Dial came along, no soap could remove these trouble-makers safely and effectively. These photomicros prove it. No. 1 shows thousands of bacteria left on skin after washing with ordinary soap. (So when you put on make-up, they're free to cause trouble underneath). No. 2 shows how daily washing with Dial removes up to 95% of them. And Dial's AT-7 clings to your skin, so it continually retards the growth of new bacteria.

When you first try this beauty-refreshing soap, you'd never guess it gives you such benefits. Doctors recommend it for adolescents. With Dial *your* skin becomes cleaner and clearer than with any other type of soap. Let mild, fragrant Dial protect your complexion—even under make-up.

P. S. Shampoo a Diamond Sparkle into your hair with new Dial Shampoo.

WORDS

Can Be So Much More Explicit Than

MUSIC

In this era of hi-fidelity music, with different performances on records almost as plentiful as toothpaste brands at the corner drugstore, it's very likely that Orchestra Hall should seem a little tame. There aren't any dials; highs and lows are, I am told, badly equalized, depending on where you sit; and you can't try the performance out before you pay for your ticket. Fritz Reiner is facing some pretty stiff competition with nothing but a fine reputation, a traditionally good orchestra, and a baton. He also follows one of the "incidents" which have made the orchestra more famous in recent years as a source of cultural dissension in Chicago than as one of the country's top groups of performing musicians.

It was said that Rafael Kubelik was no good. He had no taste. But then, the local critics are famous chefs; and by the time they finished roasting Mr. Kubelik he was slightly overdone.

Be this as it may, Mr. Reiner's reception here had a different kind of warmth to it. Not that anyone went wild immediately. No, they acted with the admirable restraint of parents displaying a hopefully precocious child to the neighbors. Things definitely looked promising, they said, but with considerably more assurance of fulfillment than "promising" usually indicates. But this is carping. Mr. Reiner *is* promising. He's a good musician who reads a score carefully and with enough humility to allow the composer to come thru on appropriate occasions. From all one can tell, he handles his orchestra well. They do pretty much what he wants them to; and they play frequently with that cleanness and efficiency which good orchestras are supposed to have. But it takes a while for a man to gain that control over a new group which will give him enough understanding of its capabilities to remedy any defects in organization and to exploit the good qualities. With the season nearly over, Mr. Reiner has reached the point where he can begin to display the talents he was reputed to have. He is a more than competent conductor.

But so was Mr. Kubelik.

Nonetheless, Mr. Reiner had some notable advantages over his predecessor. He received an orchestra which had been under the direction and discipline of one man for several seasons. Mr. Kubelik, on the other hand, began with a group which had been "guest conducted" long enough to show the defects of laxity and inconsistency. Not that the orchestra had fallen so far as one might think. Good musicians as a group and individually must maintain for themselves certain standards of practice and performance which can be called minimally adequate if nothing else. But they were sounding a certain confusion which was unmistakable. Mr. Kubelik, probably by his tenure alone, improved matters. Mr. Reiner took up from there.

However, no conductor is capable of turning a bad group into symphonic splendor simply by waving his magic baton in the right direction, public myth notwithstanding. A basic organization is required; and the Chicago Symphony has had this now for several generations.

This is not intended as an invidious comparison of any kind. In any absolute show of strength Mr. Reiner would have the edge. He is an excellent constructor of programs whose experience with American audiences has taught him how to satisfy public taste without pandering to it. This is one of the subsidiary arts of music whether or not one wishes to agree. It is important, since the public is and must be the support of art. It is a problem which must be faced with intelligence and taste; and it is not an ability which is necessarily innate. It depends on experience with many audiences and can be acquired in time.

However, this does lead one to ask a few rather interesting questions about the effect of criticism on the audience and performer alike. When you get right down to it, Mr. Kubelik was upstaged all the way by his critics. There was a better show going on in the newspapers than any impresario could have staged in Orchestra Hall. It would have taken nothing short of an old Barnum circus to divert attention from the verbal to the musical; and words do have a way of being so much more explicit and intelligible and, above all, entertaining than music could be under such circumstances. This is one of the reasons why music criticism is sometimes one of the most complicated forms of criticism. The critic is often expected to put music into words for his readers, to verbalize musical responses, and to distinguish by some mystical means the good response from the bad. This puts a tremendous and frequently unwarranted responsibility on the critic at the same time that it relieves tremendously the responsibilities which the audience should bear. The result of all of this can bring big audiences to Orchestra Hall; and it can keep them away.

If, in the meantime, we find ourselves paying less and less attention to the music itself and more attention to the words, we are at least following the trend of our times. When audiences stopped cheering or jeering the composer and began the worship of performance, a step was made in this direction. Now that hi fidelity is here, new horizons are open. The day may yet come when the prose which lifted the moors of the Brontes to literary heights is no longer needed for discussions of music, when the rows of organ pipes in Orchestra Hall are stripped away to make room for a series of dials whose gesticulating indicators will make a new, box-score type of criticism possible. It will be more precise, to be sure, than language can ever hope to be. It may even obviate the necessity of criticism altogether at the same time that it replaces the creative production of music by the electrical production of noise. We will be able to stop worrying about the abilities of the conductor and start concentrating on the skills of the engineer.

In the meantime, Mr. Reiner is here; and we ought to enjoy him. He conducts great music often enough to justify the orchestra he controls. For the present this should be satisfactory.

SHOPPERS'

. . . from the sketchbook of

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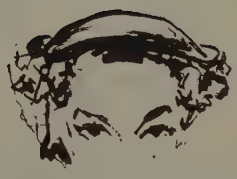
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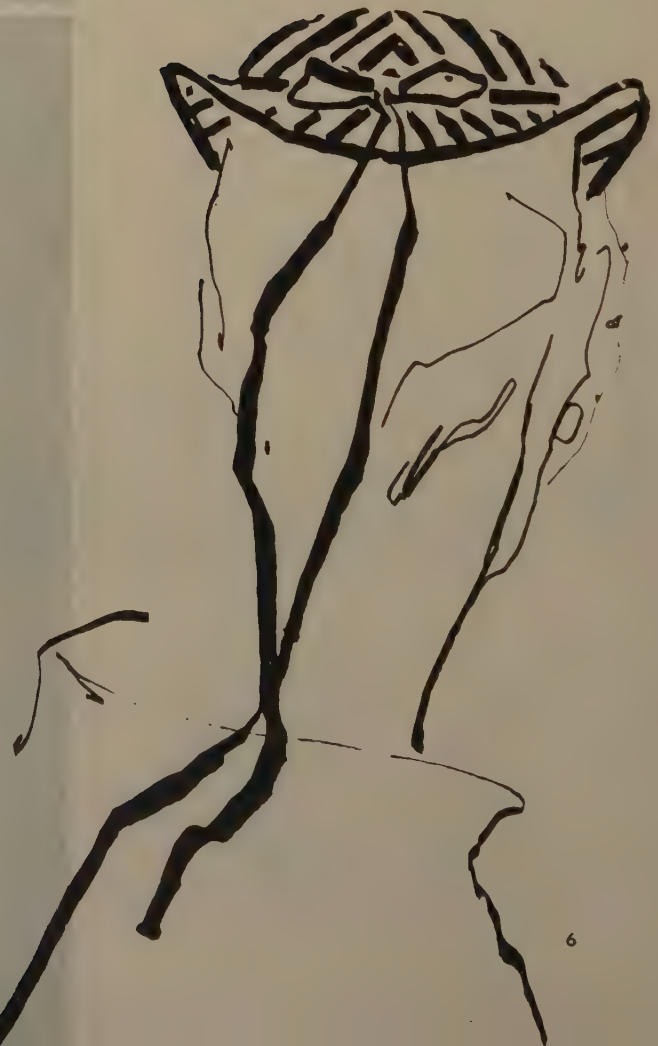
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There's no holding yourself down, when you see this season's style show. Fashion is 3D thruout, with back views demanding as much attention as contour and texture.

1 Bramson's proudly show Ben Zuckerman's full-skirted navy wool suit. ($225.00).

2 A young suit of navy wool, from Weathered's. Figure-hugging jacket makes one line with the skirt. The collar is news, too, and Springtime's favorite: polka-dot accent. ($115.00).

3 Repeat performance on the sweater and dress idea. Weathered's Misses Shop shows one, stitched pleating from neckline to hem, with its own beautifully beaded cardigan sweater. ($115.00).

SHOWCASE

Dorothy Mylrea

4 For flower fanciers, a tangerine bonnet, with flowers of this same wonderful color under the brim. ($49.50). Designed by Mr. Arnold. At Bramson's.

5 Silk and wool print, Empire inspired, is ideal with furs for winter into summer days. ($95.00) At Weathered's.

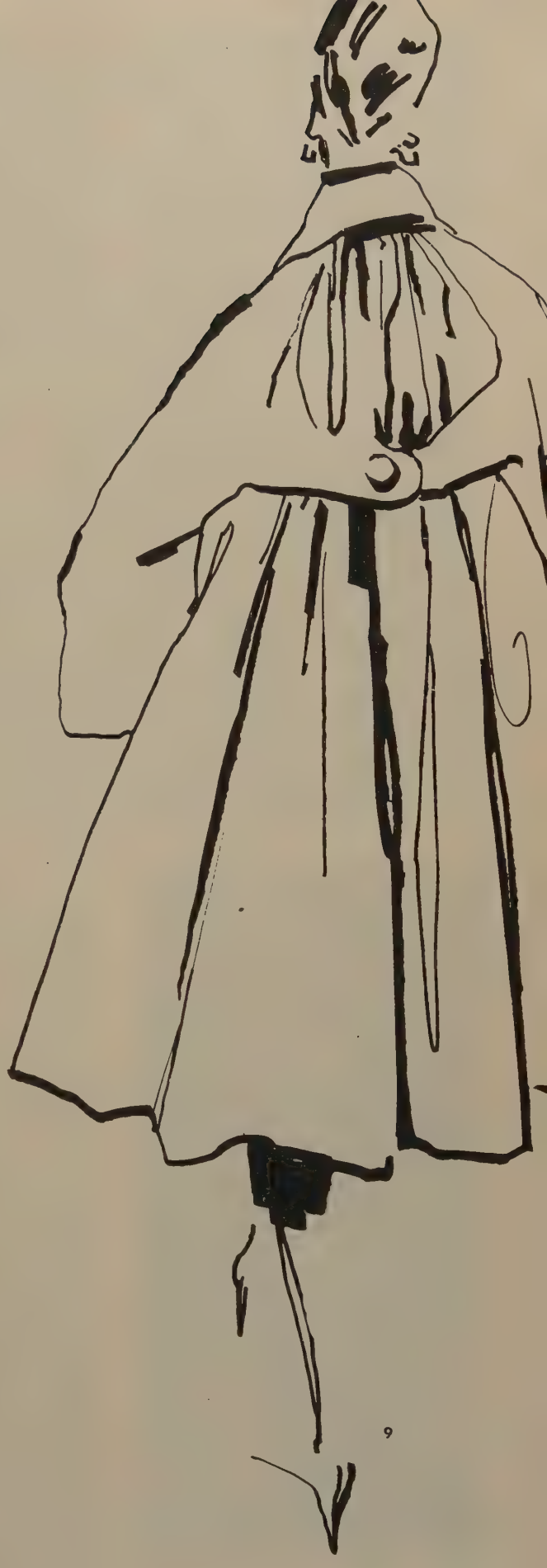
6 Our idea of "Easter Parade" . . . Mr. Arnold's hat, white and black and be-ribboned. ($45.00). Bramson's.

7 Yours alone, for they are custom made at Marguerite Pick. Linen with hand-worked detail at neck, sleeve and hip line. We saw this in caramel with black braid; it was marvelous.

8 Perfect dress and jacket of pure silk shantung print, on black background. Most elegant. Custom made at Marguerite Pick.

9 Monte Sano's masterpiece is his coat of palest beige fleece. ($275.00). At Bramson's.

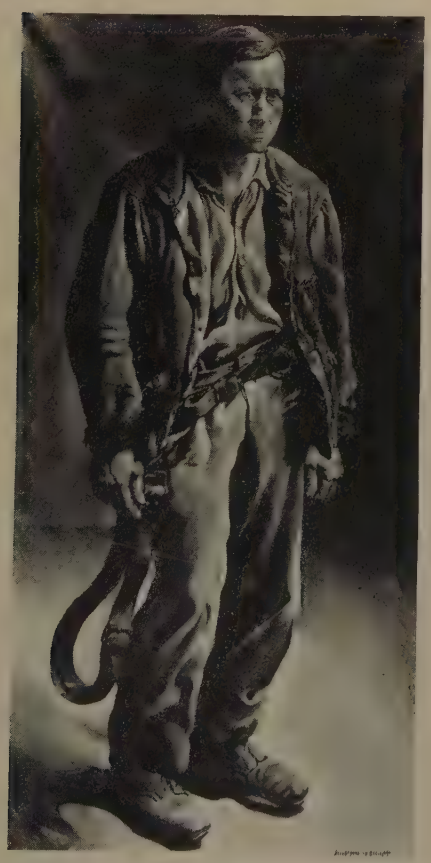
See what we mean about 3D?



ner. "Say, they look familiar," said Ivan, thereby saving himself and his family from a sure case of ptomaine.

By a complex arrangement of skylights and window blinds in his Ogden avenue studio, he controls the amount and quality of light on any one object, the "setup" itself being on casters; he leaves nothing to chance. For *The Window* he has collected drawers full of pieces of broken glass, moss, wasps' nests, birds' eggs – he knows where they will fit in and why he needs them. The very detailed charcoal drawing he makes on the sized canvas is obliterated by the final painting. He paints over the drawing, piece by piece, pinpointing the particular square inch of brick he might be working on at the moment, marking both object and picture with dots of white or red, some of which he later goes over. Others, like fly specks, are inadvertantly left.

Ivan's optical tricks are many and he prepares an elaborate diagram charting the angle of vision he intends to use for each object. In his compositions, since the beginning of this method in his *Flesh* of 1927, the artist (and spectator) is constantly moving, every part of the painting being seen from a different angle.



The Lineman drew an art prize and a storm of controversy. From the artist's collection.

During the Renaissance painters prided themselves on seeing everything from one point of view and the perspective of the whole picture was constructed accordingly. During the early period of Cubism many views were superimposed and Picasso later combined a number of points of view in rotation. But Cezanne had often employed several points of view in one composition, particularly in his still lifes, and it is this innovation which Ivan has elaborated. With it he creates a tension and animation that convey a feeling of motion to the spectator who is standing still. When staring at things, he also has observed that they seem widest directly in front of the eye. This explains the bowed frame of *The Door* and of *The Window*, a device which at the same time breaks the rectangular monotony of such architectural openings.

The earliest of the paintings reproduced here, *The Lineman*, was painted in 1926. Art Stanford, who lived next door to the studio at Warrenville, posed for it. Ivan says he was a good model – he held still. As in many of Ivan's figure pieces, the light falls from above, the view is from below. The canvas is filled with the relaxed hulk of the man. The watery blue eyes speak of fading years and fading hopes. Everything sags, droops. There is a feeling of lassitude and limp weight.

This canvas won a five hundred dollar prize in the 1928 exhibition of the work of painters and sculptors of Chicago and vicinity at the Art Institute. It was also reproduced on the cover of the magazine published by the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers and resulted in a number of heated letters to the editor. A Chicago industrial relations expert wrote: 'This man's posture and his expression are indicative of absolute hopelessness, a condition that cannot be attributed to the average American workman and certainly not to the alert lineman working for a modern utility company. A lineman of today is of youthful stature, keen eye and nimble carriage."

His monumental portrait of an eighty-one-year-old Irish monk, the last survivor of those who had been members of his Order under Spanish rule, was painted in the cloister of the San Luis Rey Mission in California during the winter of 1926-27. This work, with its great feeling of power and conviction, has borne two titles, *I Walked To and Fro thru Civilization, and I Talked as I Walked*, and *He Verily Loveth Me and I Him.* Brother Peter's furrowed face is fenced in by his cowl, the sun falling on it as on a field. His eyes are turned inward, looking to the life beyond; his smile is patient and kindly. His hands are gnarled and workworn; he has the toes of a man who has always worn sandals. Blacksmith and baker, he is the kind of friar Ribera or Zurbaran would have liked to paint in seventeenth-century Spain. On the window sill is one of those contrasts Ivan loves: the tender, diffident tendril of a plant.

In the summers in Warrenville between 1927 and 1930 he worked on some studies of women which horrified the public, the critics and some museum curators. One, posed for by a respectable neighbor, was labeled the likeness of a courtesan by a *Daily News* reporter. Another, shown in the Toledo Museum, had to be taken down because of public indignation. The story goes that a third, more of a drawing than a painting, and continuing to exist in its unfinished state to this day, was accepted by a jury of fellow artists for an exhibition but not hung because of censorship by museum officials.

Into the World There Came a Soul Called Ida, also known as *The Lord in His Heaven Above and I in My Room Below*, is undoubtedly the masterpiece among these distressing females. The model was Mrs. Ida Rogers of Oak Park, twenty years old, who was the daughter of a Russian blacksmith and liked peanuts. In this painting and in *Flesh* Ivan first started using different angles. He worked on it for three summers. Dramatic opposition is achieved by contrasting round and angular shapes, and the treatment and differentiation of textures is superb.

In the pitiless exposure of an ugly body, a tawdry soul, and the sordid commonplaces of her intimate life, there is a feeling of terror (this, too, is a soul) and compassion (this, too, is a human being). Here, again, as in the *Monk*, Ivan suggests a comparison between the tenderly painted still life on the dressing table and the human protagonist, whom he portrayed, not as she *was* but as she *might* be in another thirty years.

Ivan's preoccupation with time and decay sentences even the youngest and loveliest of his models to premature corruption, the most pristine of his "props" to imminent ruin. In a sense, here all textures are wrinkled: the rug's prominent warp and woof, the cane chair, the crushed peanut shells, Ida's skin, the cut glass jars and crocheted cover on the dresser. But it is *trompe-l'oeil* (fool-the-

eye) painting with another dimension.

In the winter of 1928-29, the whole family of artists, Ivan and Malvin, his twin brother, and their Father, Adam Emory Albright, was at Laguna Beach. There, Ivan got interested in an old fisherman, a Mexican Indian, whose image is one of the high points in his achievement. The rhythm of the sea is in Ivan's poetic title, *Heavy the Oar to Him Who Is Tired, Heavy the Coat, Heavy the Sea,* and also in the stiff and swelling oilskins, still wet. The trough of the sun-browned neck lies beneath the crests of the red woolen sweater and the rolls of white undershirt. The figure looms dark against a lyric landscape background. Everything is there, but it is not overdone: the little red-roofed houses, the reflections of the beach, the rocks, a flight of steps, a curve of road, a pier. Beyond the steep headlands lie the green and tawny slopes, burned by the sun, under an overcast sky. In the water, green, purple and pale blue, a little boat rides the swells, and the wavelets seem to make a pleasant washing sound. Framed as the man is by the window and the length of oar shaft in his right hand, our eye travels immediately to his marvelous eyes, blood-shot and watery with much far-off looking into the glare, set in a face like that of a walrus. He seems a prototype of Hemingway's Cuban fisherman, laconic and tough, his lip puckered under a shaggy grey moustache.

The old man hardly said a word, while he was posing, but he could sight a keg far out on the sea fifteen minutes before Ivan coud see it with his own sharp, trained eyes. With his heavy sweater and oilskin, he sometimes asked for more air, much to the discomfort of his granddaughter who, at the same time, was posing in the nude for Malvin.

Right after *Ida* was finished and left to a dubious immortality of sitting, powder puff in hand, Ivan started *George*. Like the lineman and his wife, George Washington Stafford, who died a couple of years ago, was another Warrenville neighbor. He was a barkeep who had once been a teamster and who liked to relate how he had driven a team of horses into Chicago. At one time he had also been a bootlegger and his favorite topics of conversation were horses, liquor and women. For thirteen months Ivan looked hard at George and put it all down: the face is literally drawn in paint, with the finest brushes. Before us is a weatherbeaten old fellow undressing in a cheap rooming house. His warm-toned head

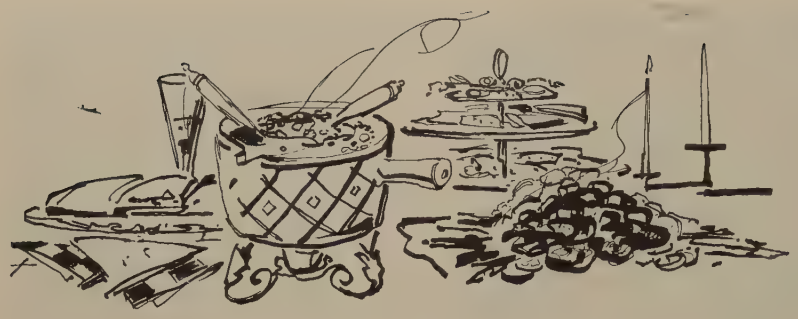
Flesh (detail shown) made the public, the critics and museum curators aghast, but other artists were delighted. From the artist's collection.

is relieved against a blue shirt which is thrown over the golden-oak headboard. A bare bulb hangs over the bed, and in this hard, unfriendly light — derby still pushed back on his head — he is pulling off his clothes, revealing a muscular, corrugated body now grown lax and soft. Ivan's sardonic comment is made in his title: *And Man Created God in His Own Image.*

New Trier High School in Winnetka is the proud possessor of a *Self-Portrait* which Ivan did for the Federal Arts Project. The next year, in 1935, Earle Ludgin commissioned him to do another version, which is considerably richer in color and more elaborate than the one at New Trier. Ivan, who was thirty-eight at the time, had a lot of fun dwelling on the imperfections and distortions of his own face and, in the beautifully handled still life on the table before him, stressing the manifold reflections in the many glass and mirrored objects. Yet another version of this *Self-Portrait* exists in a lithograph which he drew more than ten years later, after his marriage.

Ivan has done two paintings for movies, the horrific *Dorian Gray,* which led him into all kinds of extravagant adventures in the movie colony, and *The Temptation of St. Anthony,* which he submitted in a contest. In both of these the color is unusually hot and vibrating, due to the high-key colors used with the idea that they would have to be reproduced on movie film under klieg lights. Both of them, however, contain enough fiendish imagery for a whole series on the torments of hell.

At the age of forty-nine Ivan achieved what he had expressed a longing for in his private poems: a wife and family. With two teen-age children from an earlier marriage of his wife's and a son and daughter of his own, plus a big, shaggy dog, a tank of fish, and horses in the summer, his life is no longer lonely. His year divides itself into work in winter at the Ogden avenue studio and work in summer in the little dirt-floored shed on the Albrights' ranch in a remote part of Wyoming. His happiness has mellowed the man but not changed his work, which goes on at an even, tireless, changeless pace. Ivan is persistent, relentless, dedicated — his eye is always on man's mortality.



No matter if it's winter, spring, summer, fall — when the ready palate meets the right chef, then it's always

SEASON TO TASTE

By Eleanor Langdon and Jeanette Oates

Drawings by Dorothy Mylrea

Raki, a colorless and potent distillation of grapes flavored with anise, a sort of distant cousin to absinthe, traces back to the days of Byzantine antiquity. So says Nezih Manyas, who recently visited Chicago with President Celal Bayar's party. This Turkish emissary described raki as "lion's milk"; he says it's too strong to be taken alone but must accompany food. It is served just before dinner and then in the smallest of liqueur glasses. Several members of President Bayar's entourage ducked the official fanfare and found their way to the restaurant run by Apostle Paul Flanbouras, for raki and some of the famed Hellenic dishes.

Mr. Flanbouras, who is an old hand at entertaining royalty, is a favorite host not only to the visiting great but to Governor and Mrs. Stratton, Army brass, members of a gourmet society and members of Commander Flanbouras' own Greek Veterans of America.

In the Olympian dining room of *Athens Restaurant,* on the corner of Harrison and Halsted, one may start with a delicate egg-lemon soup of thick consistency. For the entree there is a baked spring chicken *pilav* or the tenderest lamb *pilav* with green beans, the baked macaroni pistachio or stuffed cabbage *avgolemono.* With any of these Oriental specialties Angelo serves a 25-year old Mastiko wine. For dessert there is, of course, *baklava,* followed by the sweetish thick Turkish coffee and Greek brandy. Host Flanbouras alleges that you will sleep contentedly after this sumptuous fare. That's a moot question but the food is good, the place quiet and the atmosphere genuine.

The Turks, who have contributed to a highly cultivated palate for some eight centuries, protest that they are not a nation dedicated only to a menu of shish kabab, dolmas and *baklava,* and point to the balance of vegetables and fruits with their meats and pastries — the eggplants, cucumbers, peppers, okra, artichokes, zucchini, cherries, pears, fresh figs, peaches and melon.

Turkish coffee is made in a *jezve* or cylindrical copper pot with a long handle and may be bought on south Halsted street; or a successful brewing can be achieved in a saucepan on top of the stove:

To ½ cup of cold water, add 1 or 2 (we prefer only one) tablespoons sugar and two teaspoons of pulverized Turkish coffee. Stir well. Place over low flame and cook slowly to rising boil. Remove from flame and pour off froth into two demi-tasse cups. Bring to boil again and remove from fire. Pour coffee over the froth to fill the cups, and serve.

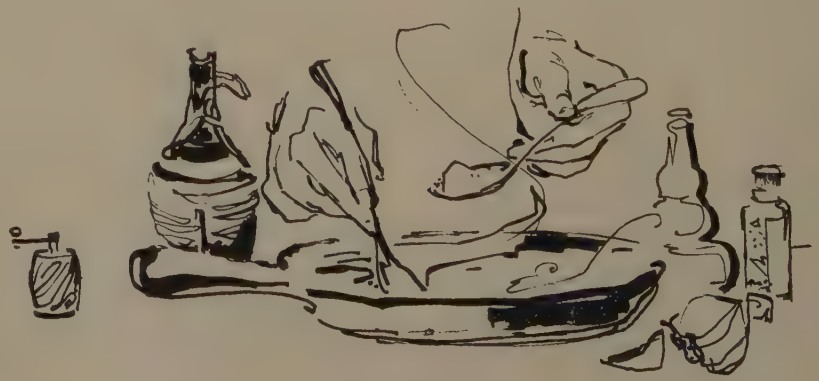
Our redheaded collaborator decided one afternoon to prowl around Oriental grocery stores and pastry shops in search of *baklava* dough, thinking no doubt to whip up a fancy batch between times. She dismissed the cab at a likely looking shop and full of the spirit of adventure started to buy with abandon — coffee, freshly ground paprika, a variety of pastries, cheese. She walked to the back of the shop to a meat counter to examine some chickens roasting. Then her jaw dropped and she let out a soft gasp.

"What — what is that?" she gulped, as she looked at a tray of small gaping heads, complete to teeth and grin and surrounded by a cloud of steam. "Lambs' heads," she was told, and with that she got out of the shop fast, telling herself that of course it had been a rough day but, gourmet or no gourmet, she'd had enough.

Radio and TV visitors from New York and Hollywood are better acquainted with one of the city's intimate spots than many local folk. A few years ago Paul Pfohl, RCA vice-president, started *Club Boyar* at 58 Delaware place where from sundown on one is greeted by Robespierre and some pleasant meanderings on the piano by Clarence. Recommended — roast beef or frog's legs. This is a happy rendezvous, with the trappings of a private club.

And speaking of clubs, this is the season when yachtsmen and sailors begin to congregate in greater numbers on the city's waterfront. *Chicago Yacht Club's* downtown station at the foot of Monroe street is open for luncheon, and activity at *Columbia Yacht Club,* with its *gemuetliche* atmosphere, is in full swing. It's not imagination when a visitor thinks there is a slight motion on a rough day after walking up the gangplank and going below. This sea-going vessel plied the lakes for many years before coming to rest at the foot of Randolph street. The hearty fare, with emphasis on steak sandwiches, is served on well-notched tables alongside a photomontage of famous races.

For those who prefer to go up instead of down, there's the dining room on the thirty-eighth floor of the *Civic Opera building,* one floor be-



A Tip from the Diplomats

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low the Tower Club (formerly the Electric Club), open to the public with the same well-served luncheons. This is a popular choice of the Army's, and tho the service is a little too unhurried there is no place in town that affords a more sweeping view of the city. Chef Jean Loehrer makes a delectable almond custard pie.

The hotel (circa 1890) run by the Jules family, on Monroe street across from the Palmer House, was famed for its shrimps de jonghe. With the advent of World War I the hotel closed and the Jules family returned to Belgium. Today Mama Agnes Jules and her two sons, Raymond and Joseph, are serving the original shrimps de jonghe (the recipe being widely copied but still a closely guarded secret) in their excellent establishment *(Jules Restaurant)* at 814 west 71st street. Lobster de jonghe, pompano and English sole are other well-prepared house specialties. The Jules family has added to its interesting French cookery some choice Creole dishes. Open from noon until one a.m. thru the week excepting Tuesday.

For more than half a century, come April, *Berghoff's* on Adams street observes spring with rhubarb pie, good rhubarb pie, dusted with powdered sugar.

Teddy Mack on Huron street, the bailiff who turned restaurateur, has his own macaroni-spaghetti machine, this being the least of the charms of the quiet restaurant with the carts of some dozen cheeses, desserts, nuts, condiments (including pickled banana peppers) and the wide range of Italian specialties.

Tucked away on the third floor at 5 south Wabash avenue is a restaurant specializing in sweet-sour cabbage soup, pastrami and chopped liver.

Ontario House restaurant-lounge at 158 east Ontario street caters to music lovers with telecasts of the Chicago Symphony on Wednesday, and silence is the rule of the hour.

Those who prefer rare roast beef to any other gastronomical delicacy long ago discovered the mellowed interpretation by Chef Joseph Kuhn at the *Knickerbocker* on Walton.

Bochwurst, that diminutive pink fresh sausage made of lightly seasoned veal and parsley, which has all but disappeared from the Easter table, may be had at one Near North Side market.

And this month Easter parade photographers will find the pretty bonnets at the Camellia House and other hostelries vying with one another over gala mid-Sunday brunch.

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The biggest floating crap game in the world

(Continued from page 18)

at a corner table came over. In approved side-of-the-mouth fashion he told me that the boys guessed it would be all right for me to take a look at The Game if I didn't mention any names or places, since, hell, everybody knew there was a game going out in the county, including the police. Be at the Men's Bar of the —— Hotel by nine sharp and follow the guy with the pipe. And bring some money, you got to play a little.

That evening I took a cab to the lake-front hotel designated, went to the Men's Bar and ordered a Coke. There were eight or ten fellows drinking at the little bar, talking, reading papers, etc. At about a minute before nine a professorial-looking gent in a tweed suit took out a pipe, lit it, and without saying a word to anyone, walked out a back door and into the hotel's garage. Four of us followed him out. He went over to a new red Buick sedan, opened the door, and beckoned to us to get in. We did; introductions followed, and we were off for The Game. The three fellows with me were all officials of an insurance company that was holding a sales conference at the hotel where we had met. The driver didn't bother to introduce himself.

The red Buick headed west, out Bryn Mawr to Peterson to Caldwell. Here it picked up three more Buicks and the cavalcade raced north and west into the unincorporated area of the County. At about 9:45 the Buicks turned off the main highway, went up a rough, blacktop road for about a thousand yards, and stopped at the gate of a dark and apparently abandoned factory. There was a high wire fence around the property, with barbed wire on top of it. Two bruisers opened the gate to let the cars through, and I recognized one of them instantly as a veteran Caponeite who was a special policeman at a nearby racetrack during the summer, and who had been a prime suspect in the shotgun killing of ex-Acting Police Captain William Drury two years earlier.

Once inside, the factory turned out to be a big, well-lighted room with the windows boarded up, curtained off to make it smaller and cozier. There were between forty and fifty men in the place, standing in groups of eight or ten each around five portable craps tables, waiting their turn at the dice. (On week-ends the average number of players in the Game is around a hundred.) This was no blanket-on-the-floor deal, but a real gambling casino limited to the one game – craps – which is mobile, provides fast action, and gives the player a good chance. (The odds in craps are only 3-1 against the player; in roulette they are 35-1.) The portable tables were fixed so that they could be quickly folded up and whisked out of the way. In one corner of the room was a portable bar also rigged with an eye to a quick getaway; ditto a long folding table piled high with sandwiches, cuts of ham, chicken, and roast beef, potato salad, fruit, cake and pie. There were easy chairs around, and a short-wave radio that was tuned to the wave length used by the county police. A tough-looking character monitored the set from a camp chair planted in front of it. Each of the tables had a dealer, wearing the customary green eyeshade and sleeve guards. A number of the characters who were not playing lounged around with their hats on, idling in the easy chairs and drinking at the bar; obviously they were The Outfit's own "police."

Actually, The Game is four or five games, when there are players enough to fill that many tables. Each of the tables contains a green field with all possible ways of betting marked on it, and the odds for each particular way indicated. You can bet with or against the house, with or against the man with the dice. Most of the real sharpies begin by betting on the Pass line (with the shooter) and then, with each roll of the dice, begin betting on the *Come*. When all the numbers are covered the bets keep paying off until a seven is thrown.

Having a very small amount of capital available for this type of research, I started putting a dollar on the *Hardway* number. A pair of sixes paid off at 30-1 on my third dollar and kept me in the game until about two A.M. By then I was eight dollars ahead and it seemed like a good time to quit; anyway, the pros, were beginning to roll and the small fry were dropping out.

I had stopped playing and was digging in on the free lunch when Mr. Big himself arrived. Mr. Big is the current No. 1 man in the Syndicate and his old sobriquet, "The Enforcer," fits him perfectly. At present

fighting an income-tax indictment, a contempt of Congress citation, and a deportation proceeding, Mr. Big still has time for his favorite hobby – craps. Besides, since he is both the house and the player when he's in The Game, how can he lose? He drops in a couple of times a week, they say.

He came in now with three or four hoods at his heels, and a place was quickly made for him at one of the tables. The characters with the hats on came alive as soon as he entered; they roamed restlessly and alertly up and down the room.

Mr. Big is a short, dark, ugly man with very long arms, about fifty-two or fifty-three years old. He dresses expensively and tastefully. When he grasped the dice, you could see the trademark that has identified him ever since the days when he was bodyguard to Capone – the flying bluebird tattooed on the back of his right hand. This is a work of art, designed so that when the trigger finger squeezes the bluebird appears to be flying. If it wasn't for that bluebird (also known as "the stool pigeon"), you might easily confuse Mr. Big with a movie magnate, a brewery executive, a diamond merchant, or a magazine publisher.

Mr. Big asked no special favors. He bet the Pass line until it was his turn at the dice. He bet with $100, $50 and $20 bills. At the end of three-quarters of an hour he left, about $150 in the hole, as far as I could tell, snatching up a roast beef sandwich on his way out. He hadn't spoken a dozen words to anyone.

Shortly thereafter I left. By now (4:00 A.M.) the boys were operating a shuttle service to the downtown and North Side hotels. When the load I was with got out, the driver said: "Tell 'em where you got it and how easy it was."

Later I got a fill-in from Virgil Peterson on The Game. It's an honest game, no "bust-out or flats" (player gets cheated, winds up busted) because the Syndicate knows it's smarter to operate on the up-and-up and depend on the unfailing house percentage for a good profit. It's a comparatively quiet game because the knowledge that it's a Syndicate deal cools off cheats and would-be troublemakers. Both know that if they get out of line they may be murdered. It's a big game because the pro gamblers across the country know that it's square and that they are reasonably safe from both hijacking and police interference.

Oddly enough, The Game runs for longer periods in locations within an incorporated community that has its own police force than it does from spots in the unincorporated areas. This is because the local police and politicians are most easily "iced." Once a satisfactory relationship has been worked out, The Game is protected against interference from both the local police and the sheriff's police.

Sheriff Babb has caught up with The Game some six times and made seventeen arrests in connection with it, but the next night it is always going again in a new location miles away. He has worked stoolies (informants) into The Game, has erected elaborate roadblocks, and led raids himself in which the premises and everything therein were demolished with axes. But The Game goes on, protected by venal local cops and politicians, and tipped off to impending raids by Syndicate spies within the Cook County organization.

One of the first locations of The Game was a spot known as Ralph's Place in Northfield Township. With the "cooperation" of village authorities it rolled here for several months. Ralph's Place was finally closed, and The Game switched to a nearby country club which was already using Syndicate slot-machines and was in no position to say it didn't want the dice tables. Later, with the sheriff and his minions pounding madly in pursuit, it turned up in a restaurant on the Skokie Highway. Somebody burned the restaurant down. The Game was going the next night in the back room of Mr. Big's Owl Club in wide-open Calumet City, at the other end of the county. The Crime Commission smoked it out. One jump ahead of the frustrated sheriff, the phantom game flitted up-county to the abandoned Glencoe Tool Works. From there it went to the factory where I found it, and where it still may be.

It was in 1948, according to the Crime Commission, that the Syndicate leaders got together and decided on a new gambling policy which would consist of "one big game out in the county, out of the city altogether" to take the place of all the little gambling casinos that were operating in Chicago and suburbs. The city was getting hot for two reasons: the Kennelly administration was cracking down on hand-books, wire-rooms, and casinos, and a group of independent (non-Syndicate) hoodlums had taken to sticking up the Syndicate's wide-open establishment. There are and always have been plenty of underworld characters in Chicago who take pleasure in harassing the "spigoosh" – predominantly Italian – Syndicate. The "spigoosh" had retaliated, eliminating such "independents" as George "Bulldog" Stathatos, the "Barboot King" (so-called because of his operation of a dice game called barbudi), Leo "Little Sneeze" Friedman, Harry "The Greener" Krotish, Willie Tarsch, and Nathan Polsky from competiiton via the usual route. But the very openness of the Syndicate casinos made them inviting targets although the risk was large. So, with one thing and another, it was decided to have "one big game out in the county."

The wisdom of the move is apparent. The Syndicate isn't issuing any financial statements, but two years after The Game got rolling Mr. Big was able to move out of the little $75,000 shack in which he had been roughing it and into a $500,000 estate in River Forest. Here he has his pick of six bathrooms, in one of which is a $10,000 tub of Mexican onyx.

The Game isn't the only one of its kind, but it is the biggest and oldest. According to the New York police, "Trigger Mike" Coppola has something going in Harlem. The late Willie Moretti was in charge of a big craps operation in Bergen County, New Jersey, until his unfortunate demise in a Cliffside restaurant recently. In Gardena, that little Suez completely surrounded by Los Angeles, there is action every night and the driver of the broken-down green bus that rattles along the southern end of Western Avenue will tell you where. The boys say the cubes are clicking again in Jefferson Parish, Louisiana. And of course there is always East St. Louis (ask any taxi-driver) and Newport, Kentucky, across the river from Cincinnati.

Guys and Dolls stuff? In a way, yes. But the world's biggest, oldest established floating crap game and all the lesser games are really more like Murder, Incorporated. Better we should all stay home and play canasta.

playwrights theater: a form of dedication

By Beverly Fields

Photographs by William Miller

"The Playwrights Theater Club is an attempt to earn a living in an art form," Paul Sills said. "The difference between what we do here and what we did in the university theater is that we give it our full time – it's a kind of *gestalt* – requires a sort of dedication – almost a blind spot. You don't get that in a university where theater is extra-curricular like football. Besides, the university theater only plays classical or controversial modern drama. We want to build an audience, not find one ready made and have to cater to it."

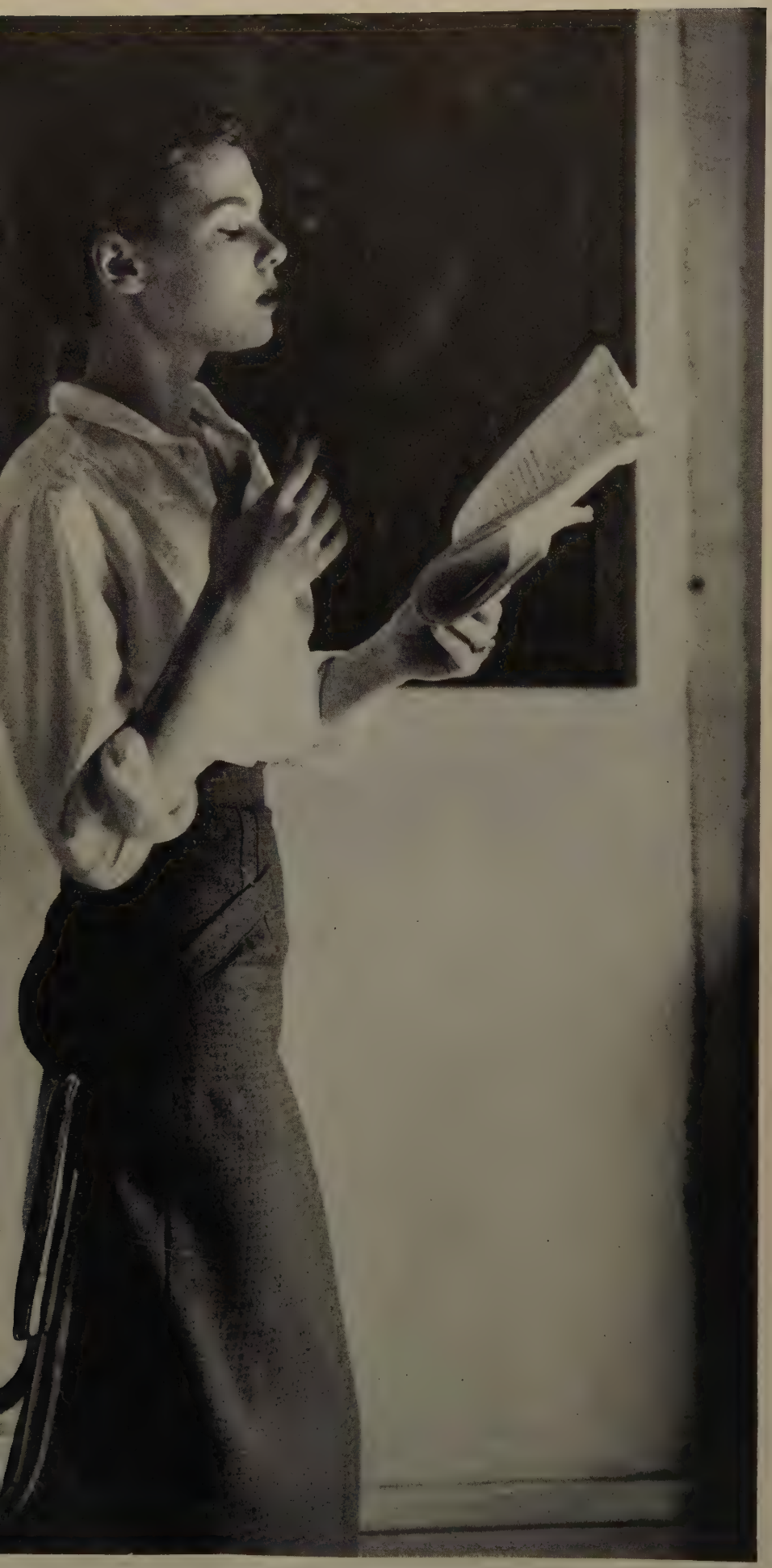
This speech is the kind of spontaneous performance that characterizes the Playwrights company generally. Ideas come out in a flow that ripples here and there with real imagination and talent; and in a time when the commercial theater in Chicago is distinguished largely for its dullness, the presence of a group that is searching for fresh approaches to theater is like a spark in the dark. Hampered by a shortage of money, and also by the fact that actually only a few of its members can afford to give the enterprise their full time, the players at 1560 north La Salle street manage, in their best moments, to fill their theater with the kind of creative energy that delights and enlivens.

The university theater Paul Sills referred to leads its curiously detached life at the University of Chicago, where there is no theater curriculum. Almost all the members of the Playwrights company participated in the theater and later in a protestant venture known as "Tonight at 8:30."

Two of the three directors and founders of Playwrights, Paul Sills and Eugene Troobnick, are graduates of the University of Chicago; the third, David Shepherd who is also the producer of the company studied dramatic literature at Columbia and at the Sorbonne in Paris. Mr. Sills acted and directed in the university theater for four years, and Mr. Troobnick was with the university theater one year and directed at an off-Broadway theater in New York for a year.

These three men guide the Playwrights company toward its goals, which Mr. Troobnick has described: "We hope to become a permanent repertory theater engaged in doing original and the best of modern and ancient plays. We hope to throw our doors open to playwrights all over the country and give them the opportunity to produce their original manuscripts. We hope in this time – in our time – to find those things that the theater – the legitimate stage – can still do and say better than the movies and television."

That they know what they want to do and say is certainly a fact, and at times their performances



are lit with exuberant expressions of their ideas; if this happens less frequently than one would wish, it may be because their talent is more literary than theatrical.

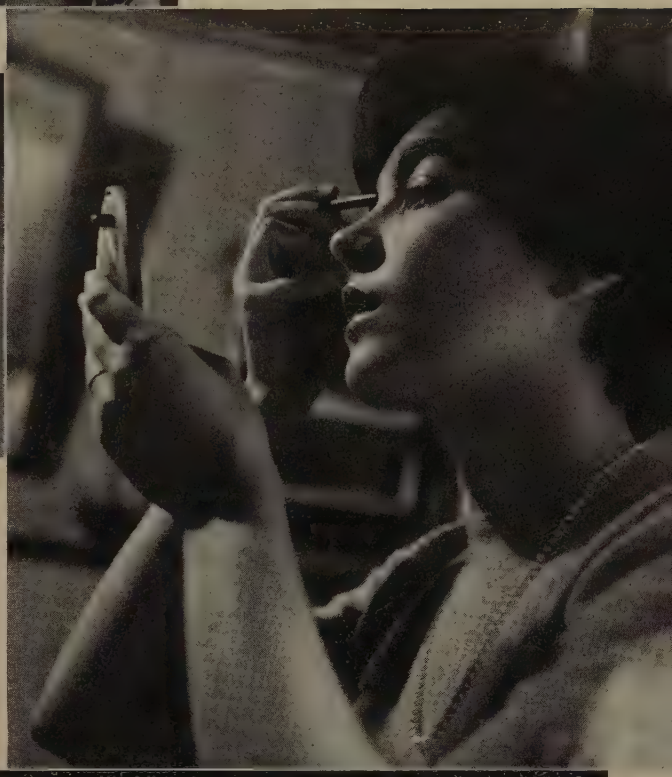
Their approach to acting, for instance, is a lively one. Mr. Shepherd says, "We are not interested in the fine psychological delineation of character that is typical of modern realistic theater – the Stanislavski method. What we are after is a more vigorous idea – a more exaggerated idea of character – really a distortion: the kind of mask or prototype that you come across in Brecht or Jonson or Moliere." This is an interesting idea, which is sometimes, but not always, projected from the Playwrights stage.

Berthold Brecht, the German playwright, is the primary modern source of this concept of character portrayal which the Playwrights group has adopted along with Brecht's concern with social comment. The three directors are pretty much abreast of one another in their devotion to didactic theater, and a thread of social criticism runs through everything they have done so far.

Unfortunately, I did not see their performance of Brecht's "Caucasian Chalk Circle," which was directed by Paul Sills. It was their first production and it apparently came off successfully, inducing one local critic to say, "The grass at home seems suddenly very green."

I did see "The Three Penny Opera," also written by Brecht and also under Paul Sills' direction. As an example of the Brechtian theory of acting this performance was less than lucid, although it did have its good points. Edward Asner, once he got past the first act where he slid over a good many of his lines, played Peachum with admirable concentration; he and Thomas Erhart, as Tiger Brown, shared acting honors for the cast. Eugene Troobnick, who usually does exceptionally well, was unfortunately miscast in the role of Mac-Heath; no amount of applied theory could have helped him to achieve the "mask or prototype" of the romantic, swashbuckling blackguard. Zohra Alton, in a bit part, made her presence felt, as she usually does, by the simple act of appearing on the stage. Miss Alton, besides being something of a beauty, has a glow of charm that can

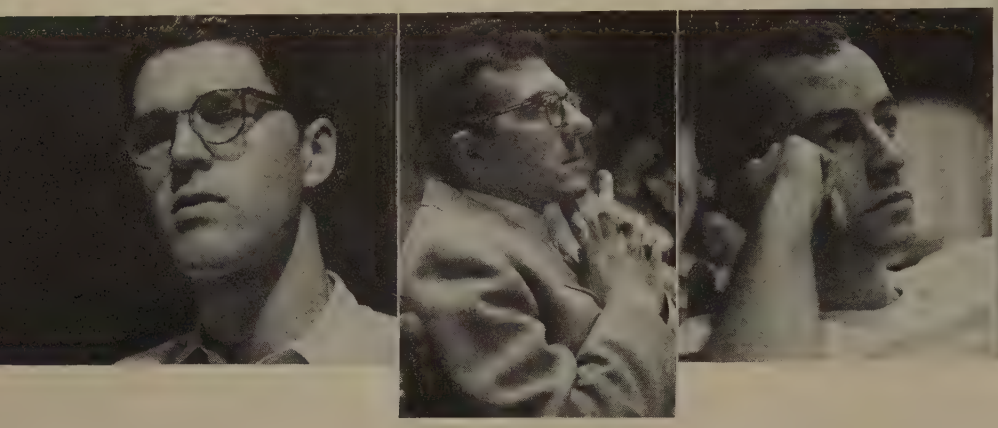
Barbara Harris reading script – just as intently as, in picture on page 50 she scrubs the stage. Her two occupations, at opposite poles of human endeavor, represent Playwrights Theater's poverty of purse and wealth of ambition.



At top of page, Joy Grodzins and Helen Axelrood. Above, Joyce Hiller. At right, Zohra Alton.

Playwright-Director Paul Sills, and, left to right, Eugene Troobnick, Miss Alton and Marvin Peisner.

Attitudes during rehearsal: left to right, David Shepherd, Marvin Peisner and Byrne Piven. At extreme right, Barbara Harris at clean-up before performance. On opposite page, Paul Sills.



suffuse the theater when she chooses to release it. She played to the audience as intimately as if she were sharing a sofa with it, and the effect was electric.

Much more could have been done to surround the actors with solid and detailed properties such as Brecht himself likes to use on the stage; the map of the city, for instance, could have been hung on the blank wall where Peachum traced the route he was assigning to one of his beggars, and nothing but emptiness would have been lost by setting up a rack of the costumes he provided for his gang.

Certainly the Playwrights company is providing Chicagoans with a provocative kind of repertory that they would otherwise be unable to see unless they sought out the academic atmosphere of theater school stages. With the direction of "Wozzek," Paul Sills did better than he did with "The Three Penny Opera," even though he was working in this case with an indigestible script. Actually, "Wozzek" is not a play at all, but a collection of fragments, written by Georg Buchner in Germany in the early part of the nineteenth century. Its primary importance seems to lie in the fact that Buchner was writing expressionistic theater at a time when the romantic movement was at its height. The hazards of attempting such a production might have intimidated a less courageous director, since various translations differ widely and editors have been unable to agree even on a proper sequence of scenes, so that Mr. Sills had to make an arbitrary arrangement. The performance was therefore somewhat incoherent, although it was done with imagination and vigor and was in many places quite moving.

In this play the actors more nearly approached their stated ideal of mask performance, principally because the best characterizations had a core of reality that could be emphasized and strengthened by the outward application of grotesquerie. As Wozzek, the common man through whose eyes the rest of the characters are seen, Edward Asner played with a controlled intensity that provided a strong pivoting point for the rest of the cast. Eugene Troobnick came quite close to the essence of icy sadism in the role of the doctor, Thomas Erhart's Andres was sensitive and almost poetic, and Zohra Alton as Marie helped to create some of the most compelling moments in the play.

The staging was particularly attractive and ingenious, with skillful manipulation of the large cast and an interesting use of lights and slide projections to sketch in locale. Some original music by Thomas O'Horgan enhanced the proceedings.

One of the things Byrne Piven accomplished when he directed "The Dybbuk," Sol Ansky's play about the Chassidim in an eighteenth-century Polish ghetto, was a series of brilliant stage pictures in which angularity of design and a vivid use of black and white conveyed the impression of Chagal canvases coming to life. Not all the characters emerged from the frame, however; there was a noticeable lack of consistency in the individual performances that probably stemmed in part from varying degrees of experience with Yiddish piety, intellectuality, and quasi-intellectuality.

But there were moments. Edward Asner displayed further evidence of his versatility in his thoughtful portrayal of Rabbi Azrael, and Joyce Hiller as Leah, the young girl possessed by the dybbuk, played with a seriousness and sensitivity that were quite touching. The scene between these two, during which the dybbuk was exorcized, reached a pitch of genuine crashing excitement. Other players who seemed to believe what they were doing were Alex Horn as Channon, Byrne Piven as a Chassid, Jon Jackson as the messenger, Marvin Peisner as Sender, and Richard Davidson as Michoel.

My only experience with "The Coming of Bildad," written by Paul Sills, has been on the printed page, but it leads me to believe that Mr. Sills is a better playwright than he is an actor or a director. I am incurably suspicious of fantasy, especially when it is the work of a very young writer, on the grounds that it can be used as a decorative slurring device to cover confused or undeveloped ideas, in the same way that a busy foot on the pedal can conceal faulty techniques in a pianist. Mr. Sills is a very young writer and his play is a fantasy. Peeling away the misty layers of symbolism, it is possible to discover in his play an idea that is young and slight and that becomes attenuated in a full length piece. This is not to say the play is without striking signs of talent. While it contains some souvenirs of Giraudeux and Brecht, in many places it brightens with imagery that is original and true; and if Mr. Sills

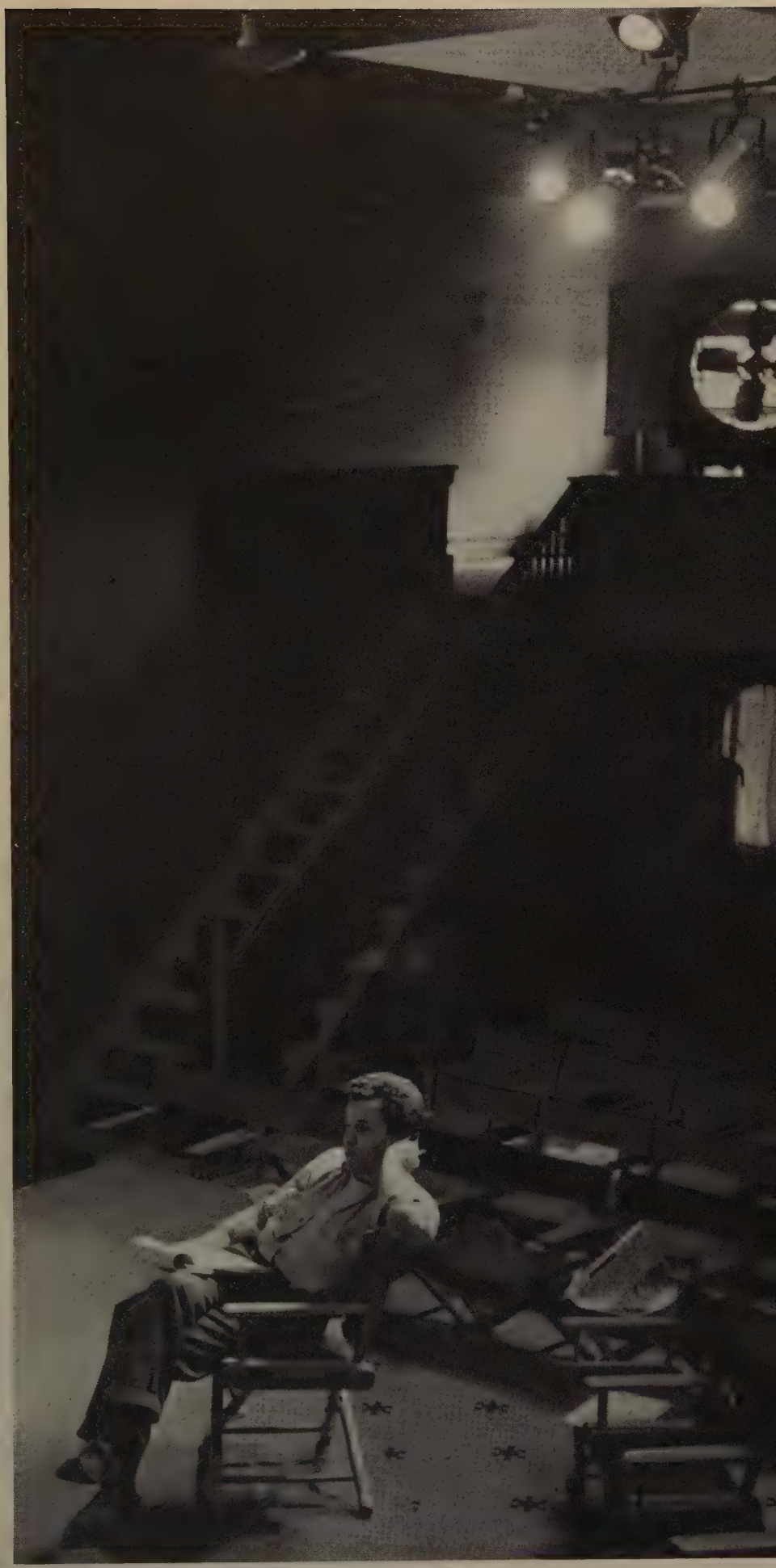
is a little over-conscious of words there is no reason to think he will not outgrow it. The play falls into scenes that leap to the eye as one reads them, and the dialog seems to have been written to be spoken.

This is not consistently true of "The Fields of Malfi," which is the only other unpublished play produced by Playwrights so far. David Shepherd's play suffered somewhat from a lack of spontaneity in the lines. Whatever playing faults John Webster's "The Duchess of Malfi" has, it is a strong play full of real passions immediately expressed. Mr. Shepherd's adaptation is not. In transposing the original into a modern context he has accomplished nothing really except to thin it down. It might have been better if he had been less confused about his central idea; but the motivation is so diffused over a multiplicity of themes that the work falls apart for lack of a spine.

"We don't know where to look for criticism," David Shepherd says. "We can't always agree with the critics and at the same time we know that we in the theater are too close to be able to criticize objectively."

It seems to me that they ought to look for a well-trained director. As a group they give the impression of a loosely knit agglomeration of promising but undisciplined talents. The seriousness of their intentions deserves a situation where *all* their actors can be taught upstage foot from downstage foot and where *all* their directors can be taught how to build a climax. Playwrights, of course, can't be taught, and nothing helps them to grow as much as a connection with a company of this kind, where they can see their plays performed and learn from the experience of production. They would learn more, however, if the company learned more. With some training and unifying under a director well grounded in theater techniques the approximation of their ideas would be far less fugitive.

And it would be well worth it. With all that has been said, it should be pointed out that the Playwrights Theater Club is an exhilarating little theater that ought to be encouraged. "The Three Penny Opera," even imperfectly performed, is far more fun to see than a flossy production of "Time Out for Ginger."



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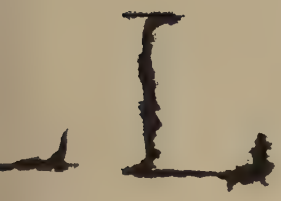

By Donn Fitzsimmons

Illustrated by Seymour Fleishman

Some of them shrugged. This was to be expected. But some of them verged on tears. It was a hard world.

So Reiser said it again; this time, as before, matter of fact.

"Sorry, kids, we can't use the rest of you."

The rejected, the two dozen or so who were not quite so leggy, not quite so pretty, not quite such good dancers, left the studio. The chosen eight, the happy ones, clustered about Reiser, plucked at his sleeve, eyed, voiced and postured their elation.

"Doll — my coat." Reiser loved flesh like some men love horses, but his coat was pure cashmere and had cost him one hundred eighty-five dollars. The guilty happy one stepped back, murmuring apologies. Reiser caressed his lapel, patted the girl, and cleared his throat. He had a speech to make.

"You chicks are new with the show. And from what I've seen — which is plenty" — they laughed at his leer — "it looks like a nervous Neilsen before June. Now. We got a long rehearsal, so at it. No goofing."

Reiser looked over his kingdom. Eight nervous chicks, count 'em, eight. Real gone, every one of them. And his staff, his writers, the agency men — hip. They turned it on and off whenever he pressed the button. It's crazy — your own show at 26. You're Mr. TV, Mr. Big. All the chicks you want. The fancy apartment. The clothes, tailored by a little old guy nervous with the needle. Real nervous.

Reiser smiled to himself.

"I guess that's it. Let's do the opening, Carl."

The director stepped forward, described the scene to the group. It was a situation bit with Reiser playing a brush salesman. At this one house, he was to ring the bell and when the door opened the eight dancers were to swarm all over him, the idea being that they were man starved. The windup came when they chased Reiser through the house in a frenzied dance, finally smothering him with kisses. Corny, but commercial. The sort of thing audiences ate up. Corny, but Reiser's palms sweated as he thought of doing it. These were new chicks, untried, and nervous, man, nervous.

Reiser walked to the door, milked the business of putting down his brush case and pushed the door button with a long handled mop. The bell pealed loud and clear.

George Reiser blinked. He leaned over and picked up the bell. A common, ordinary dinner bell, in the family ever since Aunt Seely had died. He looked around the room. The Dufy on the wall. The thick carpet. The glass-topped, limed-oak desk, piled with papers. The hen-tracked appointment pad. The Blackwell folder. Steady, George, steady. It's your own office.

Reiser smiled, still a bit foggy, and looked again at the bell. It works. Unbelievable, but it works. It's almost fantastic.

There was a knock on the door.

"Yes?" It works, it works. That old quack knew what he was talking about all right, all right.

"How did it go, Mr. Reiser?"

"Oh — Kay. Yes, come in, come in. You know, it's silly, Kay, but the thing works."

"You actually *dreamed*?"

"Strictly from gossamer. No, it wasn't gossamer. It was real, as real as you and I. It was about a guy, a comedian, and was he a character! If I think I've got troubles . . ."

"That was the doctor's theory, wasn't it?"

"And to think how I fought this thing. 'Try it,' he says. 'Hold a bell in your hands every day after lunch,' he says. 'Relax,' he says. I relaxed today, all right. 'Sleep,' he says. 'Get interested in those dreams. Get your mind off that business.' Hmph."

"How can you dream in such a short time?"

"You mean that half second or so, from the time I go to sleep until the bell hits the floor?"

"Yes."

"The idea is that when you wake up in the morning, say, and remember a dream, you really only remember the last second of it."

"Well, it certainly has given you something else to think about."

"Oh? Yes. What's what for this afternoon?"

The girl looked at her watch. "In fifteen, no, fourteen minutes you're due to address the supervisors. At two, you have a meeting with General Crane. At two-thirty, if you're out by that time, the sales executive committee wants an audience. They think they've got something hot for

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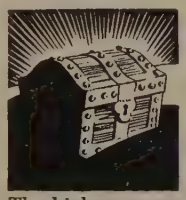

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next year's model. Then — oh, and this is important — the tax people called again and have a hearing set up for three fifteen. You simply can't run out on them again, Mr. Reiser."

"I know, I know, I know. Go on."

"I cancelled your dental appointment and shooed away a dozen salesmen. You've still got that four-thirty date with Brandon and your wife called. If you're not home by eight tonight, you'll dine alone. There are three telegrams here that seem important, a few letters and, let's see, I think that's all."

"Let me have them. No, the telegrams." Reiser put on his horn-rimmed glasses and bent over the telegrams. When was this thing going to run down? Day after day after day. "Say, anything from Blackwell?" He could not keep the hope out of his voice.

"Not a word, Mr. Reiser."

Reiser smiled, trying to. Lord. Lord. LORD. Wouldn't it ever break? Wrong way Reiser. Rumble seat ride Reiser. Blackwell, sweet Blackwell, come through. You sonofabitch. Please. Sweet Blackwell, sweet, sweet merger. Hey. Enough of that. Make like the executive. Play it business-like. One more smoke before they fire. No, never mind the blindfold. Reiser looked at his watch.

"We've still got seven minutes, Kay. Let's answer those telegrams."

His voice was sure as he forced his brain to function and fell naturally into the role he played so well. George Reiser, captain of industry, was back at the helm.

"Isn't she a beauty, sir?"

The salesman was tweedy and one of the obliging boys. Reiser nodded, put on his steel-rimmed glasses, and continued staring at the roadster.

It was a beauty. Low and red. And sleek for all its squarishness. There was something about these foreign cars. But why, why did *She* have to have one? First the stole, and then the pearls, and now this. *She* knew he didn't make that kind of money.

"Grow on you, don't they, sir?"

Reiser grunted. But as the salesman opened the car's door, he squeezed his paunch under the steering wheel — *She* would want a right-hand drive — and looked at the dash board.

What would he tell Emma about the Buick? What was that talk about taking the kids some place after school? Whatever it was, it was too late now. The Buick was sold and he had the money in his pocket. He probably could have done better on a trade, but he would have felt funny trading for a little car like this.

"The tools fit back here, sir."

As Reiser reached behind the seat he noticed that his shirt cuff was frayed. Seething, he jerked his arm back. He'd told Emma to turn those cuffs a thousand times. Did she think he could be seen at the store with ragged cuffs? A thousand times he'd told her, and all she'd done was whine about a new sewing machine. Sewing machine, hah! If only a divorce just didn't mean so much scandal. Of course, *She* never considered marriage, for that matter.

"Like a turn about town, sir? Be glad to run her off the floor."

Reiser made up his mind, as he had known he would make up his mind when he sold the Buick at lunch time.

"I'll take it."

The salesman's composure was magnificent. He led Reiser to a leather inlaid desk and handed him a pen. The roadster cost more than Reiser had thought and he had to make up the difference from his small bank balance. Cursing the salesman, cursing the car, cursing *Her*, Reiser wrote out the check.

Half an hour later, he parked the roadster at *Her* curb. Was red the right color? Should he have waited until tonight? Would she like it? Certainly this would show that the "old fellow" knew how to give. His finger trembling, he felt for the doorbell, gave it a sudden push. Inside, he heard the bell ring.

George Reiser bent over and picked up the bell. That poor fool had his problems. But everyone had problems. And that's good. But that idiot, selling his car. And for *Her*. Why it's the silliest thing.

Suddenly Reiser laughed. He sat back in his leather chair, muffled the bell in his hands and clacked it exultantly. Clack-clack. Old doc quack knew what he was doing when he prescribed the bell treatment. Relax, Reiser. Sleep, Reiser — go on — even though it's less than a second. Get interested, Reiser, in those dreams. Right you are, old doc quack, right on every count.

Ska-wauk!

"Yes?"

Kay's voice filtered through the intercom. "General Crane to see you, Mr. Reiser."

"I'll be right out." Reiser slammed the bell into a drawer, stood up, smoothed his flannel pin-stripe, and made it to the door just as the chairman of the board entered.

Reiser's smile felt as forced as his offered hand. The old man still had it, you had to admit. The bristling gray crew cut. The ramrod spine that no business suit could hide. And of course the utter certainty that comes from knowing that you're top dog.

"An unexpected pleasure, sir." Umph, the old boy had a grip. "Have a chair?"

"Can't stay long, son. Just want to check over a point or two." The voice was soft. Soft like a coiled whip.

Reiser sat down and lit a cigarette. The General frowned. Go ahead, scowl, you old war horse. My doctor doesn't want me to smoke, either, but I do.

"How've you been feeling, son?"

"Fit, sir. Mighty fit." General! Bush-beating yet? And stop calling

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me 'son.' I'm 38 years old.

"Understand you're trying some tom-fool bell treatments."

"Something like that, sir." What business is it of yours?

"Doing you any good?"

"*I* think so." My, what a long nose, General.

"Good. Now, what's new on the merger?"

"The Blackwell thing?" Reiser, Reiser, how stupid can you get?

"Of course I mean Blackwell! How many mergers are we planning?" Uncoil whip, and crack.

"I'm sorry, Bob. I realize that." That should hold him a while. Bob, indeed.

"Well, what about it? Is he going to throw in with us or isn't he?"

"Frankly, sir, I can't get him to declare himself." Cards on the table. That's best.

"I'm a trifle disappointed in you, boy. You knew this was a man's job when you took it, didn't you?"

Oh, you. Honey wouldn't melt in your mouth, would it? Oh, you.

"Didn't you?"

"I'm doing everything I can, sir."

"And meanwhile, do you know what our common is listing at? Fifty-four and one quarter."

"I know that, sir." He's right. He's right.

"You know, *I* think we'd better have a little action. Don't *you?*"

"Yes, sir, I do."

"Or maybe we'll have to have a little board meeting. And maybe some new officers."

Oh, you pig. You brush-headed pig. Never should have called you Bob.

"Well, gotta run, son. Just wanted to call this to your attention. Always helps to know where we stand, eh, son?"

"Right, sir!" Reiser snapped it out.

Still staring at the door, Reiser punched the intercom. "That Blackwell call — has it gone through yet?" Snap that out, too.

"What call, Mr. Reiser?"

"What call! Now look here, girl . . . !" Call? There had been no call. Softly, Softly. "Kay, put me through to Blackwell will you, please?"

"Yes, *sir.*"

Reiser drummed the desk. Fifty years passed. One hundred. Then: Kay on the intercom.

"Mr. Reiser? I've got Mr. Blackwell."

Reiser willed snap and sparkle into his voice as he picked up the phone. "Blackie? Greetings. Reiser here. George Reiser of Continental. Such a swell afternoon I got to thinking about golf. Little five dollar Nassau? Hmph? Oh, no, just kidding, Blackie. I don't have the time either." My Aunt Seely you don't have the time!

"Say, Blackie, what I really called about, Helen was mentioning the other day about having you folks over some evening. How about Friday — dinner? We're having some Hollywood people in, think you might find them interesting. Hmph? Oh, that's a shame. Saturday? Sunday? Well, we'll have to soon. Helen will be awfully disappointed."

Play it cagey, Blackie, go on, make it hard for me.

"How's business, Blackie? Same here. Been thinking any more about that deal? The merger. Yes. Why, of course I was serious. I thought you knew that. Oh. Well, I am. Yes, and there's a lot in favor of it. No, for you too — for both of us. Well, a complete line for one thing. And our clarifier for another. Ye-es, that's true. Yes. Yes. I admit all that, Blackie. Well, no. I wouldn't say *shaky.* And no one else does. They did? They don't know what they're talking about. Okay, Blackie. Of course. I'll ring you later about dinner, and you can let me know about it. The merger. Well, you think about it. Think about it. Bye."

Reiser cradled the phone, carefully, then lit a cigarette. Didn't know I was serious! He doesn't have to play so hard to get. We probably do have more to gain than they do. But not that much.

"Kiss me again, lover." George's quail pulled his face down to hers. She was a small thing. Fourteen, maybe fifteen. But she could neck, brother, she could neck.

"Hey, George." It was Eddie in the front seat. "Pass up your beer. Ours is gone."

"Oh, no you don't." George grabbed the bottle away from his quail and gulped. He drank so fast the last bit ran down his chin, but Eddie wasn't going to get it. Not this beer.

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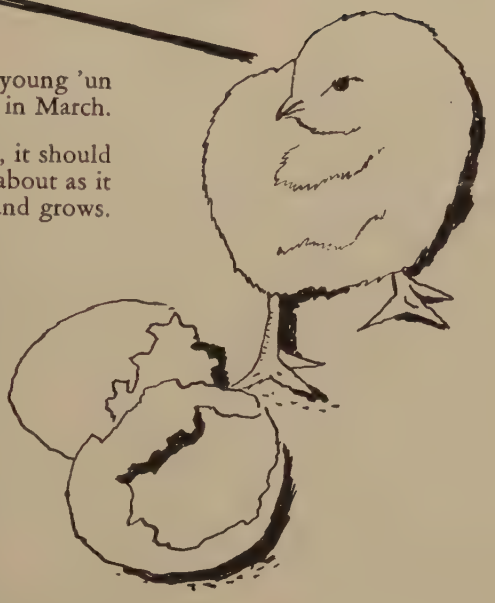

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He'd bought both quarts.

"Cripe's sake, why'd you have to hog it all down for?"

"I bought it, didn't I?"

"Who bought the gas?"

George pushed his quail away. Ninety cents for two quarts of beer and he didn't even have a buzz on. And now he was broke. "Eddie?"

"Yeah?"

"How about you springing for a couple? You got a buck."

"*Had* a buck. What'd you think I bought the gas with?"

"Oh." George nudged his quail. "Any dough, baby?"

She opened her eyes as wide as she could. "You kiddin'?" Eddie's quail moaned. "No dough."

"I want some beer!" George really meant it.

"You can always tap the till again, George."

"Huh? Oh. Oh, no. You do it this time."

"Bull. It's my old man's car, ain't it?"

"Yeah." It's true, but it isn't right. It isn't right at all.

Eddie started the car, drove it fast for about ten minutes, and stopped about half a block from the candy store. "There she is, pal."

George pushed the girl away and drew a small .22 revolver from his pocket. Slowly he got out of the car. "I'm leery, Eddie. He said he'd be waiting for me if I ever came back."

"Ah, that was two weeks ago. Besides, there's fifteen, twenty bucks in there. Chicken."

George shrugged, put the gun in the belt of his jeans and swaggered to the door. He waited a moment, then opened it and went inside. A bell tinkled as the door closed behind him.

Bell? Oh. The dinner bell. Reiser picked it up and placed it on his desk. Crazy kids. Nutty. Dangerous. Carried away. Sometimes the dreams carried you away. And they're your only way of relaxing any more.

But who could relax today? B-day. Blackwell's going to call. No being cagey. No being hard to get. Turkey. That's what he said he'd talk.

"Mr. Reiser. Mr. Reiser?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Reiser." Kay's voice was unrevealing. "There's a reporter here from the *Journal*. He is very insistant. Can you possibly see him?"

Reiser played it like a king. "Certainly, Kay, send him in."

The reporter, round faced and balding, looked like a Sunday School teacher. Reiser snorted silently; he had dealt with this one before. One of the probers, the never-give-up boys.

Right down to business. "Can you give me the real lowdown on the proposed merger between you and Amalgamated, Mr. Reiser?"

"Hadn't you better ask Mr. Blackwell about that?"

"I have."

"What did he say?"

"He said 'No comment.'"

"Then why do you think I'd have one?"

"Because you have more at stake, Mr. Reiser."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, more to gain."

"Specifically?"

"Specifically, you'd fill a lot of gaps in your line, for one thing. And a modern style, for another. Then there's a lot wider distribution. Had enough, Mr. Reiser?"

"Go on."

"Well, it's all over the street, Mr. Reiser, that you folks need money. That sales are slipping. And you can't deny that the stock is way down."

"If you know all this, why did you come?"

"The truth is, Mr. Reiser, I've heard that the merger isn't going through. What do you intend to do

if that happens?"

"Now look here, I think that you're sticking your neck out. In the first place, no one ever said there was going to be a merger."

Bald-head looked Reiser in the eye. Then he smiled. Then he turned on his heel and went out.

Reiser sat still for a time before he reached for a cigarette. The insolent jerk. No, he wasn't. He was a smart newspaperman doing his job, politely. How much did he know? How much do you know, Reiser? Come on — ring, phone, ring. Let's get it over with. Call, Blackie old boy, call.

Reiser inhaled deeply, then crushed out the cigarette. Wow. Slow down George. Slow . . . down . . . way . . . down. *Slow* down! Reeee-lax. Old doc quack say reee-lax.

Like a man reprieved, Reiser grabbed the bell. He pushed his chair back from the desk, leaned forward. Elbows on his knees, he held the bell in both hands and studied it.

Ah-h there. Good old Aunt Seely. Good old bell. How you gonna relax me today? Go on, naow, reeee-lax me. Feathuhs. Claowds. Cumulo-cirrus. Sheep. Beautyrest. Eee-zee, boy, don't knock the glass ovuh. Ah-h.

The door slammed open and General Crane stormed into the office.

Reiser's first impulse was to hide the bell. Then he changed his mind. But he still could not mask a blush as he placed the bell on his desk. Easy, George. Why the guilt complex? The old boy didn't catch you looking at feelthy post cards. This is therapy, man, prescribed by your physician.

The General spoke, softly as ever. "Got a minute, sir?"

"Certainly, sir." Oh-oh.

"That special board meeting, the election meeting. We're going to have it."

Don't let him faze you. Make with the iron jaw yourself. "So Blackwell called you."

"Precisely."

"And there's no deal."

"You're not a president, son, but you do catch on."

Easy, Reiser. "Nice of you to say so, Bob."

"Oh, no. You never were stupid, son. Not smart, perhaps, but not stupid."

"If you'd put that on paper — sir, I'm sure I could use it as a reference. Coming from you, that's quite a bit — sir."

The General stood straighter. His stance seemed stiffer, his jaw tighter, but his voice was even. And soft. "Well, son, I can't stand here palavering all day. I've got a business to run." The door closed softly behind him.

And you haven't, Reiser. You haven't got a doodly tomtom. You're out. At large. At liberty. Position Wanted. President at liberty. Able, dynamic, leader of men. Thoroughly schooled all phases hard lines production. Shirt sleeves worker, decision maker. Handle any top level job anywhere. Available now. Write, wire or phone.

Sure.

Oh, yes, Mr. Reiser. And why did you leave your last job, Mr. Reiser? Well, the chairman of the board had it in for me. You can do better than that, Mr. Reiser. Well, this merger didn't go through. Come, come, Mr. R. Well, Blackwell double-crossed me. Mr. Reiser, the truth. I was let out. That will do, Mr. Reiser; we don't want any let-out presidents today. But, but. No buts, Mr. Reiser. Out. O-U-T. Finis. End. Kaput.

Something behind Reiser's right eye began to throb and somewhere inside his head a bell sounded. Dully, he looked down, picked up the bell, and walked to the window. He looked at the street, eight stories below, then threw out the bell. The barest split-second pause and Reiser followed it.

Back there, in the office up above, Kay and General Crane stopped looking at the thing below long enough to stare at each other. Then they looked down again.

"It was that crazy bell, General. He was always fiddling with it. And he was so worried about the merger . . ."

The old man shook his bristled head slowly back and forth. "Don't know about the bell," he said. "But I know about the merger. I was just going in to tell him that Blackwell called and the merger has gone through. George wasn't worried; he said it would."

Fully Clothed Figures at Highballs When the World Ends

By Harold V. Witt

We sit at surrealist cocktails among
ants and dripping watches; the tree
is shedding faces of the past
into our beverage.

Beside us broken arches lead
to steps ascending and descending
nowhere: but the beautiful blue
reflects an obvious master's hand.

Leaves like last year's magazines
whisper (yellowing) passe, passe.

And that decanter adds a touch,
matches the also dying lawn
as if God might suddenly grasp
Durer stars in His frame again

or Blake be etching glades away
angelic certainties
to illustrate in acid
Divine Lost Comedy.

A distant mushroom, multicolored,
umbrellas cleverly. We think —
how spectacularly phallic
sipping our delicate drink

until finger by dropping finger
we quaintly disappear, only
the radiant wind our tombstone
on a dissolving brink.

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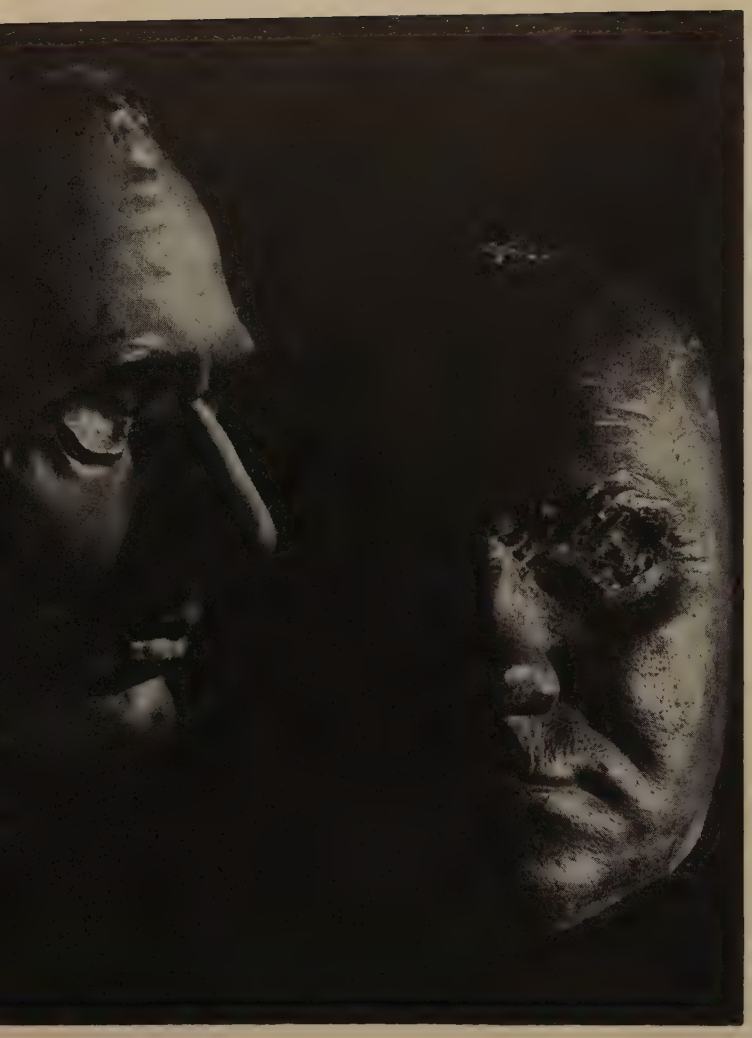


The discovery of a life mask, and an Illinois scupltor's diary, make it possible to compare

THE FACES OF GIANTS

By Ralph Newman

Photographs by Robert Buchbinder

Four score and fifteen years ago, two gentlemen of Illinois met in a series of public debates – one of the speakers was a famous man before the contest, and as a result of it the other became President. As the debates began and their first speeches were published, the attention of the whole nation was upon them.

Incredibly, not a single photograph was taken of Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas as they met time and again on platforms in the little towns in Illinois. While each was photographed individually, both before and after the debates, it evidently never occurred to Hesler, Alschuler, German, Pearson or any of the other contemporary Illinois photographers that these meetings should be preserved via the new art of the camera.

On these pages there is at last a pictorial record of these men of history as they looked face to face – the bulldog features of "the Little Giant" who was every inch a gentleman, and the lank face of Lincoln who was 6'4", gawky and sublime.

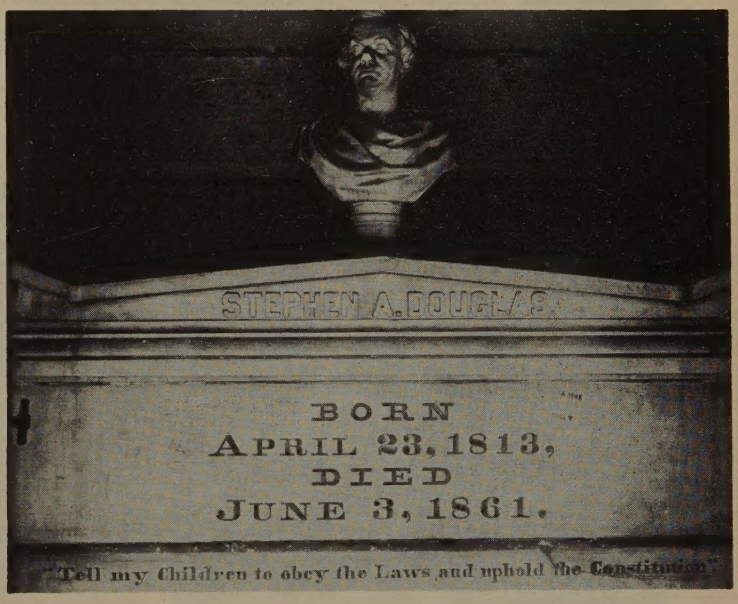
The life mask of Douglas is a new discovery: it came to light in the family of sculptor Leonard Volk, who made both the Douglas mask and the well-known life mask of Lincoln. A collector of Lincolniana, Alfred Whital Stern of this city, has bought the Douglas mask and presented it to the Library of Congress, Washington, D.C., where it will go on exhibit alongside the mask of Lincoln. The two life masks are here for the first time reproduced together.

The studio and monument yard of Leonard Wells Volk were on the northeast corner of State and Washington streets where Marshall Field's

store now stands. Volk, a famous sculptor of his day, was born in New York and studied in Italy. He preferred to start work on a new subject for sculpture by taking an impression in plaster of the face. In 1857 he made such a mask and carved a bust of his wife's cousin, the senior senator from Illinois, Stephen Douglas.

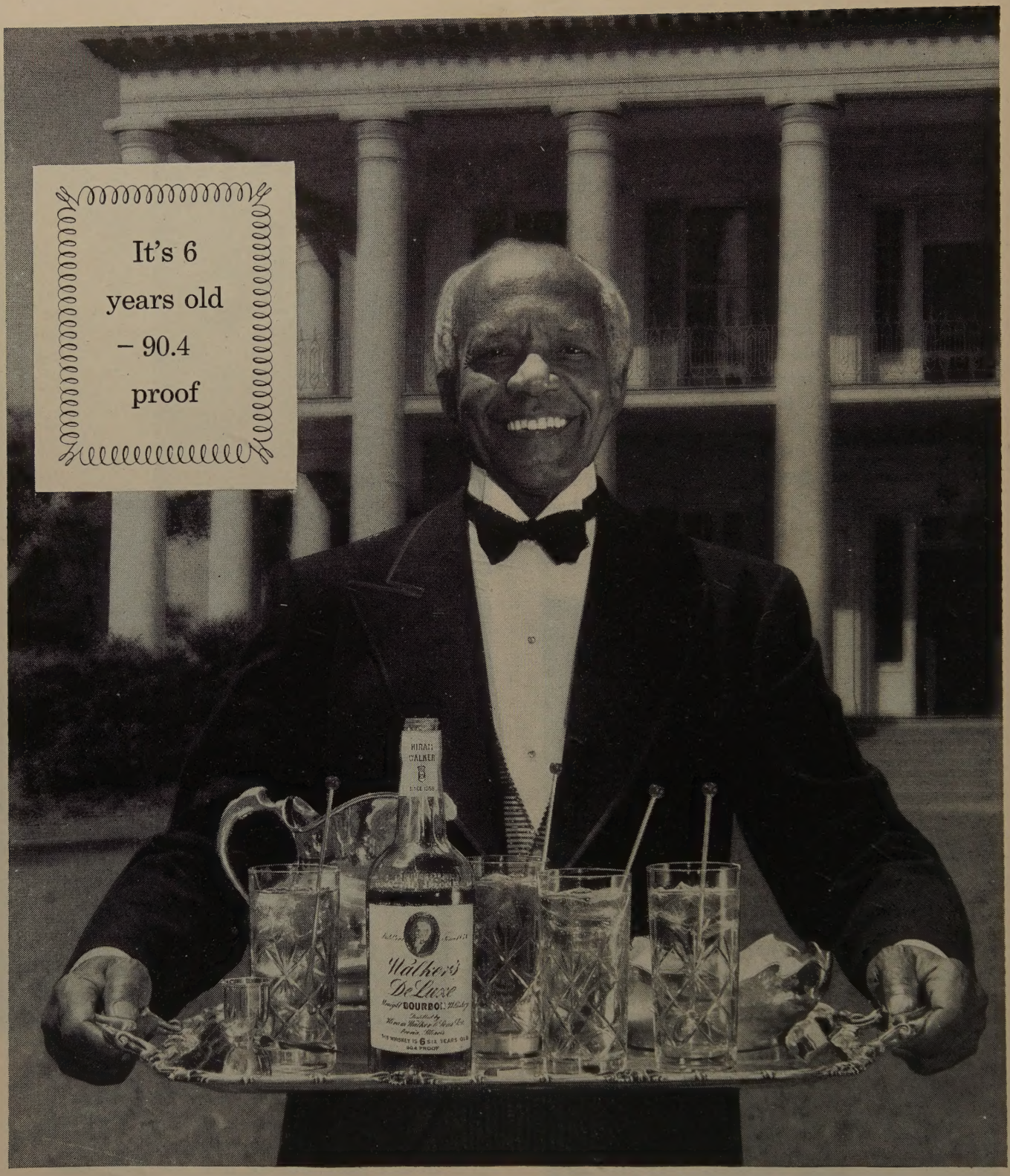
In 1860, when Lincoln was Republican Presidential candidate, he sat for Volk. Lincoln went up to Volk's fifth-floor studio "two if not three steps at a stride," and Volk made a plaster cast of Lincoln's face and hands. Volk wrote later in his diary that he had told a funny story at which Lincoln laughed until tears ran down his cheeks.

"He sat naturally in the chair when I made the cast and saw every move I made in a mirror opposite, as I put the plaster on," the diary records. "It was an hour before the mold was ready . . . and being all in one piece . . . it clung pretty hard . . . He bent his head low and took hold of the



mold and gradually worked it off without breaking or injury. It hurt a little as a few hairs of the tender temples pulled out with the plaster."

Lincoln's mask and the bust that Volk made from it have been reproduced many times, but the bust of Douglas is on top of Douglas' coffin in a dark, marble-lined room at the base of a monument at 35th street and South Park way. Douglas' burial place is on ground that was once part of his estate, and is now a forgotten little park half a block in size, near the Illinois Central tracks.



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Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois

JAZZ

By Pat Harris

Photograph
by Don Bronstein

There has been a recent emergence around town of the small, refined club dedicated to the cultivation of the jazz that used to grow wild hereabouts. Jazz has grown respectable: the honk is gone, alas, from the tonks.

The Streamliner, a cheerful little spot at Clinton and Madison streets, was perhaps the club that started this trend toward quiet places with a decorous atmosphere and excellent musical entertainment. Here there are such bookings as Buddy De Franco's group, Billy Taylor's intelligent and pleasing trio, and the piano-bass duo of Don Shirley and Johnnie Pate, with their intricate variations on some fine melodies you don't hear on the jukeboxes.

After a year of successful operation, the Black Orchid, on Ontario street, is featuring Josh White, Burl Ives and other folk singers of repute. This club has had a steady bill of good things, including Lurlean Hunter with her intense, intimate songs.

The brand-new Encore Room, upstairs of the Preview Lounge on Randolph street, exemplifies the smart little club where the cult has its meetings now. The Encore Room reopened (after an abortive first try with showman-pianist Al Morgan) with Artie Shaw's latest version of the Gramercy Five.

You can find Dixieland today – any style and somewhat mixed – in several places around town. But you'll find it as a carefully nurtured relic, still with its vital aspects – principally in the often rough and sturdy characters of its practitioners – and still with its great appeal to flannel-clad college students and their English lit teaching older numbers.

Georg Brunis, a name you should spot as belonging to one of the most famed tailgate trombonists, has been playing at the Eleven-Eleven Club on Bryn Mawr. Georg is the man who has, on occasion, played his instrument with someone standing on his stomach, and who will also sometimes (in an upright position) play the slide with his feet. If you want authenticity, he's it.

Although trumpeter Lee Collins, for years a standby at north Clark street's Victory Club, has gone to the west coast during the last year, (as has Jelly Roll Morton-styled pianist Don Ewell), another tradition-minded entertainer, pianist Art Hodes, has been in town. Irv Benjamin's restaurant on the north side had Hodes for a long time. (The photo at left is Hodes in a familiar keyboard mood).

In that sleek little Dixieland salon, Jazz Ltd., at Grand and State streets, there are usually no names you'd recognize in the band, but it is always a spirited crew, and they know all the old, old tunes.

The modernists, too, are in business. They have well established a Monday and Tuesday night study group at the Lei Aloha near Wilson avenue. On these nights singer Lucille Reed, pianist Dick Marx, and bassist John Frige have been entertaining the local and visiting hipsters with their cerebral type of jazz.

Several of the South Side spots are riding big names in the rhythm and blues and bop field for all they're worth. These include the Beehive on 55th street, which recently has headlined such jazz artists as Charlie (the Bird) Parker and Sonny Stitt. There was Nob Hill, at 53rd and Lake Park, which has had such stalwarts as Miles Davis, Flip Phillips, Gene Ammons, and Wardell Gray but closed down. The Beehive is the kind of big spacious, easy-going place where nobody resents it if you want to nurse your drink and listen to the music. At Cadillac Bob's Toast of the Town on 63rd street. Dinah Washington and other jukebox idols have been the attraction.

To update you on the Blue Note, currently silent in a 64-bar rest: it will reopen this summer. Its new location, as yet undetermined, will be in or near the Loop. Frank Holzfiend, owner and operator, will find some way to let you know.

CONTRIBUTORS

Donn Fitzsimmons *(The Bell)* does administrative work in the local office of a pharmaceutical concern. This is his first published short story.

The author of this month's cover story on Ivan Le Lorraine Albright, Dorothy Bridaham, has reported and interpreted art in this community for the *Sun* and other publications.

Once a social worker on the West Side, Alson J. Smith has been fascinated by the local scene for years. Last year Henry Regnery Co. brought out his *Chicago's Left Bank. The Biggest Floating Crap Game in the World* is a chapter in Mr. Smith's newest book, *Syndicate City* (Regnery), which has a preface by Virgil Peterson, executive head of the Chicago Crime Commission.

The owner of the Abraham Lincoln Bookshop, Ralph Newman *(The Faces of Giants)* is an outstanding authority on the Civil War president.

James A. Maxwell *(To the Malt Add Hops)* is a free-lance writer who lives in Cincinnati.

The camera study of hands is a diversion of Len Gittleman, an Institute of Design photographer who is engaged in making a film, "Dance Sonata," that features a dancing cat.

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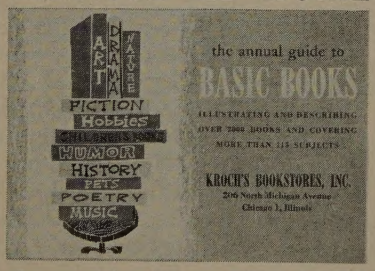

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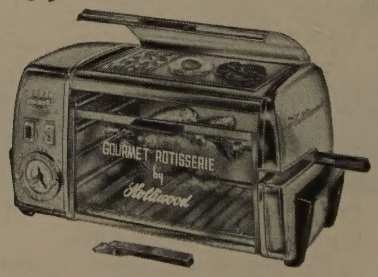

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Residential is the name Russell Wright gives his new melmac dinnerware. Melmac is an unbreakable material. Research has produced in Residential new translucent colors; copper penny, seamist, black velvet, lemon ice. In contemporary manner, the design takes into consideration the facts of limited storage space and the servantless home. In addition to its good lines, and functional adaptability the low price of this dinnerware recommends it. A 16 piece starter set is $15.95 plus postage and 2% tax in Ill. Order Residential dinnerware from Bordelon Designs, 1424 e. 55th st., Chicago 15.

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